The Nation.

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The Week.

WHEN the full history of this year's money panic comes to be written, its most creditable chapter will undoubtedly be the conduct of the New York banks. The ideal policy of a great deposit bank, in its relations to the discount market, is caution during a "boom" in values, liberality in time of panic, and careful discrimination at all times. Failure to observe one or another of these lines of policy has in past seasons of distress been the most fruitful means of aggravating disaster. The fact that our city banks as a body have been conforming faithfully to all three requisites has this year served as one of the strongest checks to general collapse. This fact will not be without future significance, both in assuring our national credit abroad and in confirming confidence at home. Now that the strain on these depositary banks is beginning to relax, it is instructive to look back upon the exceptional experience through which they have lately passed. The pressure for money accommodation from every quarter has been something unprecedented. In the machinery of a country's finance, it is always the great "reserve city" upon which comes the full force of the strain. In times of ordinary business, it is here that the surplus of hundreds of interior banks is carried—a natural result of the concentration here of the largest business enterprises, whose need for funds is constant, and through whose demands money otherwise idle may be kept in active use. But the establishment of such relations with tributary banks imposes additional responsibility. As the interior banks' reserves increase New York's resources in quiet times, so it is conceded that New York must help in time of trouble to bear their burden. Such a granting of help to almost the entire country, and with very unusual liberality, has been reflected in the remarkable money situation of the last three weeks. The crisis has been grave, and the consequences of a faltering in responsibility or a mistake in general policy would have been irreparable, for the need of help was quite as urgent in New York itself as in the West. So far as can yet be seen the event proves that hesitation and blunders have been avoided to a remarkable degree. Not least commendable has been the wise and prompt action of the city banks in shutting down on extended loans to speculators. Chicago's banks not many days ago undertook to violate this useful rule, by helping out the grain operators in a movement to force up prices. Fortunately the undertaking failed, and its failure has very largely served to place Chicago in the strong position which it now seems to have regained.

Almost unnoticed in the general decline of values, the price of silver bullion has sunk within a week to the lowest recorded quotation, the open market price having broken nearly 9 cents per ounce, and at last Tuesday's local price, 74 cents per ounce, the bullion value of the silver dollar is barely 57 cents. To this movement the political and financial situation has undoubtedly contributed. The repeal of the Sherman Law will obviously cut off a large part of the existing market for the metal, and leave besides, hanging over its future market, the huge Government stock bought under the fatal act of 1890. What will be done eventually with this $146,000,000 worth of dead Treasury assets no human being ventures to predict, and uncertainty weighs heavily on a speculative market. The prospect with which the lately obstreperous silver-miners are now confronted is anything but pleasing, and surely none the more so because of the consciousness that it is the trap set and baited by their own creatures at Washington into which they have walked.

It is refreshing to find a public man talking about the money question in the straightforward manner Secretary Morton employed in his interview on Friday. There is a deal of truth in these remarks: "The great trouble in settling this question has come from the fact that many of our 'statesmen' of both parties in Congress are demagogues, and are influenced by the consideration of what may be the immediate effect of their action upon their political prospects rather than by their own judgment as to what is the right thing to do. They deceive themselves as to what the people want, and then sometimes deceive their constituents into wanting what is not the best thing for them." It is now perfectly evident that the men who passed the Sherman Bill three years ago as "a long yet prudent step towards free coinage" (to quote the Indiana Republican platform of 1890), thus deceived both themselves and their constituents. We were struck the other day, in looking through the discussion of this measure in the House, with these remarks by Mr. Cutcheon of Michigan on the 12th of July, 1890:

> "I have not been troubled by my constituents upon the silver question. During this entire debate there has been no uprising in northern Michigan to demand free coinage. I have yet to receive the first letter or the first petition asking me to support free coinage from any one of my constituents, either farmers, manufacturers, or laborers, or what not. I believe that this demand for free coinage has been to a very great extent a manufactured demand, and manufactured in the shadow of the dome of this Capitol, and not out among the workingmen, the farmers, the mechanics, the merchants, or miners of the country."

It came out at the session of the Custom-house Investigating Commission on Tuesday week that a special Treasury agent, Mr. Wilbur, was sent to this city in the spring of 1892, ostensibly to have charge of customs cases pending in the courts. He reported for duty, and was at once assigned to Republican State Headquarters, where he acted as a clerk during the Harrison campaign, drawing his pay regularly from the National Treasury as a special agent. The Chairman of the Republican State Committee in that campaign, it will be remembered, was Mr. Hackett, whose famous secret circulars cut so large a figure in the literature of the canvass. It would be interesting to know how many others of Mr. Hackett's clerks and assistants were paid out of the National Treasury. He looked upon the Federal service as designed primarily to aid the Republican party in its campaign, for all his circulars to postmasters were based upon the assumption that they were in office for partisan purposes We should like very much to have the *Tribune*, which refused to publish Mr. Hackett's circulars even as advertisements, tell us frankly what it thinks of this Wilbur performance. The account of the testimony before the Commission which the *Tribune* published on Thursday is far from frank. It reads: "Mr. Wilbur was then a special agent. He was transferred from this city to Tampa, Fla. He had a number of court cases to settle before going to Florida, and he spent his leisure hours in doing what he could for the Republican national ticket." Mr. Wilbur did not spend merely his "leisure hours," but all his time, "in doing what he could for the Republican national ticket." On this point we have the express testimony of his superior officer, Special-Agent Whitehead.

The fact that the Commission has stumbled upon various proofs of scandalous inefficiency and worse on the part of prominent officials has given the public a wrong idea as to its main object. The truth is, that any examination which may be made into the specific acts of men in the service is casual and incidental, while the particular duty imposed upon ex-Secretary Fairchild and his associates is the collection of such information as will aid in the enactment of laws regarding the collection of duties which are adapted to our present conditions. For thirty years the customs laws have been not only framed but administered in the interest of protection, and all officials have been instructed and compelled so to construe them as to assess and collect the highest possible duty on every class and article of imported goods. A very voluminous code of decisions and regulations has thus been formulated, with this single object in view. The people having

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last fall condemned the policy of extreme protection, the Administration desires to obtain such information regarding the interpretation and enforcement of existing laws as will enable Congress to consider intelligently what legislation should be enacted to give shape and practical force to the popular demand. This is the chief duty of the Fairchild Commission, and in performing it they should have the hearty support of the business men at this port, where two-thirds of the customs revenue is collected. It would be eminently proper for the Chamber of Commerce to take action to this end, and appoint a special committee to confer and coöperate with the Commission.

We learn from the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* that American carpet manufacturers are now looking for an outlet for their surplus production in England and other foreign countries. It says that at a recent auction sale of carpets by the Alex. Smith & Sons Company a number of lots were taken for shipment to Canada and England, and that the price, less rebates, was 10 to 12 cents below the English manufacturers' price. There must be some mistake about this, which Gov. McKinley should at once explain. He knows very well that it is the English manufacturer who does the underselling, and that if he had not come to the rescue with his increased duties, giving the American maker protection of from 19 to 60 cents a yard and 40 per cent. additional, every mill in the country would have been closed, and the Republican campaign fund cut down in a way to cause universal distress.

It is simple truth to say that the whole country was startled on Tuesday by the news that Gov. Altgeld of Illinois had pardoned the three Chicago Anarchists who were in the penitentiary for their participation in the riots of 1886. No verdict ever pronounced in this country had been received with more profound thankfulness by the American people than the one upon the men who had instigated the most fiendish attack upon law and order which had been witnessed in our entire history. The decision of the trial court was passed upon by all the higher courts, including finally the Supreme Court of the United States, and was upheld by all. The verdict was thus pronounced righteous by public opinion and by the courts, and it is safe to say that few persons could be found after the final decision who believed that it would ever be disturbed. Gov. Altgeld's reasons for setting the verdict aside are even more astonishing than his action itself. He displays these in a message of 17,000 words, which is a long and angry arraignment of everybody concerned in bringing the Anarchists to justice. He declares that the jury was packed and selected to convict; that the jurors were not competent, and the trial, therefore, was not a legal trial; that the defendants were not proved guilty of the crime charged in the indictment; that the Judge was either so prejudiced against the defendants, or so determined to win the applause of a certain class in the community, that he could not and did not grant a fair trial, conducting it "with a malicious ferocity," and writing about the case after the trial was over with a "ferocity or subserviency without parallel in all history." In fact, the document reads almost as if the Governor himself were an Anarchist.

The case of Charles F. Peck, ex-Labor Commissioner, was called in court at Albany on Thursday, and, Peck being absent in Europe, his bail bond of $1,000 was declared forfeited. No excuse was offered by his counsel for Peck's absence, and no intimation given that he was likely to return again to this country. It appears that he secured one of his two bondsmen against loss by giving him a chattel mortgage on his property in the sum of $500. This mortgage was filed on the day preceding the decision of the Court of Appeals which pronounced Peck guilty of felony for destroying public documents. Whether the other bondsman has been indemnified for his loss has not been revealed. The date of filing the mortgage seems to show that Peck got wind of the coming decision, and began with great promptness to get out of the way of its ultimate consequences. If the second bondsman has not been protected against loss as the first has, it would be only fair for the Republicans of the State to make up a purse of $500 for him. The *Tribune* might call for contributions, and, while doing so, might give us its views on Peck's conduct in the light of the Court of Appeals decision. It will be remembered that that decision reversed, somewhat violently, several decisions of the *Tribune* upon the same case.

The amendments to the Pennsylvania Ballot Act which were passed by the recent Legislature and have been signed by Gov. Pattison, convert it into a much better statute than it was originally, though they by no means remove all its defects. As it stands now, the law provides for a blanket ballot, with the names of all candidates arranged in party groups, or columns, with the party name at the top of each. A voter may indicate his choice either by placing a mark opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote, or by placing a single mark in a circle provided for that purpose at the top of each column. This double system of marking is followed in the laws of Colorado, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Maine, and several other States; and while there are objections to it, it has been declared unconstitutional in only one State, California. A single system, requiring the marking of each name, as the laws of Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Rhode Island, and several other States authorize, is undoubtedly preferable as leading to more discrimination on the part of the voter. The amended Pennsylvania law makes much fairer regulations in regard to the time for filing nominations than the original law, and makes changes in regard to the size and number of the ballots which are also improvements. Considering that it was extorted from a most unwilling Legislature, its enactment illustrates in a forcible manner the irresistible forward march of ballot reform.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts handed down a decision on June 21, in regard to the State School Law, which may be said to meet the Pope's last letter half way. A citizen of Fitchburg was made the subject of a complaint for neglecting to cause his daughter to attend a public school. His answer was, that she had been instructed in the required branches of learning in a parochial school. The Superior Court would not accept this plea, but on appeal the Supreme Court gives the defendant leave to prove that his child was instructed in the parochial school in the studies required by the law of the State. The Court in its decision says: "The great object of the provisions of the statutes has been that all the children shall be educated, not that they shall be educated in any particular way. To this end public schools are established, so that all children may be sent to them unless other sufficient means of education are provided for them. If a child has in any manner already acquired the branches of learning required by law to be taught in the public schools, the law does not compel any further instruction." The decision goes on to say that if any person responsible for a child's education prefers to have him instructed in a school which is not a public school, or a private day school approved by the School Committee, he must show that the child has been instructed for the specified period in the required branches of study. This done, the instruction afforded must be accepted as satisfactory. All this seems very sensible and rational, and yet there is an element of liberality in the tone of the decision which at one time would not have been expected in a Massachusetts court.

It is a striking coincidence that, just as the United States Courts were giving legal sanction to the opening of the Chicago Exposition on Sunday, the Convocation of Canterbury was passing, by a unanimous vote, a resolution declaring that "the religion of Christ has nothing to fear from the reasonable and careful

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extension of the Sunday opening of libraries, art galleries, museums, and industrial exhibitions." England has applied the test of experience to the various theories as to Sunday opening, and although the "entering-wedge" argument made many good people fear that the day of rest was going to be broken down by any relaxation of ancient rigor, there is no longer any more protest against open exhibitions on Sunday than there is in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, or Philadelphia against Sunday concerts in the public parks. The unanimous verdict of the Canterbury Convocation is a fact of the highest significance.

From no quarter have stronger expressions of sympathy been sent to England, on account of the *Victoria* calamity, than from the leading fighters of the world. Emperor William telegraphed that words could not express his horror. From various navy departments and officers have come telegrams setting forth the grief caused by the disaster. All this reveals a curious state of feeling on the part of these exponents of the modern art of war. Why are they horrified? It is not simply at the loss of life in time of peace, for as many persons might have been killed as shockingly by a mining disaster, or an earthquake, or a flood, and none of this international grief would have been heard of. The sorrow and dismay seem to arise from the feeling that it is an awful thing for engines of death to do indirectly and by accident, and in a small way, what they are designed to do directly and on an enormous scale. The Kaiser is horrified beyond words at the death of 400 men in a naval accident, yet he is at the same moment straining every nerve, and imperilling the domestic peace of his country, and proposing to lay new burdens of taxation upon his subjects, all in order to make his power for war greater, and so that he may be ready to kill a hundred men for every one lost on the *Victoria*. And we may be sure that the advocates of more powerful and destructive battle-ships will not stop to dry their tears over the great loss to the British Navy before going on to make preparations for calamities which would dwarf the one off the coast of Syria into insignificance.

The truth is, that the love of peace which is professed by the men who are working night and day to get ready for war is a most hollow and purely provisional sentiment. The idea that you can carefully train a lot of men to the most complete skill in the art of taking life and then expect them to act like Presidents of the Peace Society, is antecedently absurd, and has been proved ridiculous a thousand times. No louder professions of a desire for peace were ever heard than from the mouths of those European sovereigns who, about 1850, were busily at work increasing their armies and navies, and it is easy now to see how the great armaments collected then were chiefly responsible for the three bloody wars which followed in the next twenty years. It is idle to expect men to be taught mastery over tremendous instruments of destruction and to have no desire to try them on somebody. The eagerness of our "new navy" to practise the big guns on the Chilians showed how the thing must always work in the end.

The full text of M. Constans's Toulouse speech of June 4 justifies the sensation it made throughout France, and it will undoubtedly cut an important figure in the general elections, which are now expected to take place in August. It was especially noticeable for disowning the alarmist and somewhat hysterical attitude of M. Dupuy and M. Goblet. Those excellent gentlemen had taken up the old cry that the Republic was in danger, and that the electors must rally to put down the machinations of royalists and imperialists. No, said M. Constans, this will not do any longer. Twenty or even fifteen years ago, and in the Boulangist crisis, such a cry was needed and wise; but no sane man now believes in it. The Republic is secure, and no one doubts that the deputies to be elected will be almost unanimously Republican. Shouts of "Vive le Roi" or "Vive l'Empereur" are no longer heard openly. The Catholics, at the order of their religious head, are accepting the Republic as a fixed fact. It is now a question not of a form of government but of a programme. The Republic, in fact, has come to the parting of the ways, and must now vindicate itself as a fit instrument for the great ends of all government.

This is all well said, but when M. Constans came to the positive unfolding of his programme, he was at times vague and at times mischievous. The first duty was to maintain order and establish peace, not by a military government, but by the "gentle, yet firm hand of power," felt in all parts of the land. Then there was the great work of reconciling labor and capital. M. Constans had some true and brave things to say on this point: "The right to remain outside a labor union is just as sacred as the right to enter one." "Those who preach up Collectivism, who talk of committing to the State first all banking, then the railroads, the mines, the great industries, and of coming at last to common ownership of the soil, forget that the great mass of adults in France are themselves the proprietors whose property is to be taken from them." Yet the speaker's main contention was that the State must come to the aid of labor. Labor unions must be given more power. State insurance against accident and old age must be greatly extended, and, in general, everything except the extreme demands of the Socialists given into. It would cost many millions, no doubt, but it would be money well spent in securing contentment and a "good political condition."

The leaders of the French Socialists have become alarmed at the unpatriotic utterances of some of their followers. These deliverances have been pretty frequent and pretty bold of late, and are now being disavowed by those who are working for the political success of the Socialist party in the coming general elections. They feel that such sentiments are very ill-timed, to say the least, and would be much chagrined if a chauvinistic appeal against the Socialists should succeed in wresting some of their Parliamentary seats away from them. The audacious resolution, for example, recently adopted by a labor union, that "a German enemy of capital is a better friend than a French capitalist," may be very true, but is not a good platform upon which to go to an intensely anti-German electorate. No more helpful to the Socialists, politically, are the performances of the bolder spirits at Roubaix, where the municipal government is now in their control. In their public meetings and processions in that city, cries of "À bas la patrie!" and "Vive la Prusse!" have been heard far too often to please the Socialist political chiefs. Accordingly they are now affirming that these unpatriotic shouts were really uttered by agents of the police, and that there really is no better patriot in the world, if you look at him narrowly, than an "international Socialist." So far did their anxiety and alarm go over the imprudence of their brethren that they summoned a big meeting at Roubaix on June 17, expressly to resolve that they were the champion haters of Germany and the noblest of patriots.

One consequence of the audience lately given by the Pope to the Ruthenian pilgrims could scarcely have been foreseen by his Holiness, and promises ill for the reconciliation of the Greek with the Roman Church, which he then expressed his ardent desire to see brought about. The pilgrims came from the Ruthenian churches of Galicia now attached to the Roman order, and at their head was the metropolitan bishop, Monsignor Sembratowicz. Before the Pope would receive him, he had to take oath never to fall back into the old errors and always to remain faithful to Rome. This oath became known in Galicia, and produced a great effect upon the "young Ruthenian" party, which is in political alliance with the Greek Church in its struggles against the ascendency of the Catholic Poles. Accordingly, when the offending Bishop reached Vienna on his return from Rome, a crowd of Young Ruthenians gave him a derisive reception in the railroad station, creating such a hubbub, and finally threatening him with personal violence to such an extent, that the police had to come to his rescue.

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THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY POLICY.

IT must be said for the Indian financiers, who have just shut down on silver, that they have not played us a trick of any kind. India has been, ever since we began our latest silver experiments, the only country which gave us any help in sustaining the market. The Latin Union got tired of the business in 1876, and we were then left with India as our solitary ally in trying to persuade the world that there was a bright monetary future for silver, and that wise nations would make it a standard of value. But India warned us last year that she, too, was growing weary. Gen. Strachey, the Indian delegate at the Monetary Conference in Brussels, addressed the following emphatic warning to our silver-bugs:

"As an illustration of the strange condition of affairs, it may be further mentioned that there has lately arisen in India a serious agitation on this subject, and that pressure has been put on the Government to take direct action for the purpose of applying a remedy to the numerous evils which are regarded as being due to the fall in value of the rupee, affecting not only the public finances and administration, but with equal severity numerous commercial, industrial, and social interests; and among the remedies proposed and strongly advocated by many influential persons and authorities is the adoption by India of a gold standard and the suspension of the free coinage of silver at the India mints.

"In these circumstances the delegates of India have been instructed that while studying with the greatest care and good will, in concert with our colleagues at the Conference, every practical proposal suggested to insure a wider use of silver as currency, they are on no account to give any pledge that may interfere with the complete freedom of action of the Government of India in respect to any measure affecting the currency of India that it might desire to adopt."

As India took about 45,000,000 ounces of the total product last year of 152,000,000, while we took 54,000,000 ounces, the notification that she might at any moment leave silver to its fate would, if our silvermen were in a rational frame of mind, have led to some provision for the emergency by Congress last winter after the Conference had adjourned. But one of the most unfortunate features of this silver crisis has been the fanatical indifference of all the silver-men to facts and arguments. The facts they have always denied, and the arguments, as we have already remarked, they get rid of by ascribing them to "gold-bugs" and other interested persons. Their policy has been to stop both ears and trust to luck. Accordingly, after twenty years of what might well be called "monkeying" with silver, we find ourselves with 124,292,532 ounces of silver bullion in the Treasury vaults on which we have already lost, Secretary Carlisle says, nearly $11,000,000, and face to face with the necessity of purchasing not 54,000,000 ounces a year, but 99,000,000, if we are to keep up the price. Of course we have no idea the price could be kept up by any such operation; but if purchasing for storage could keep it up, this is the very least amount we should have to buy. The wonder is that India has not unloaded on us sooner, we have so persistently advertised our fanaticism, and have so long ceased to talk of silver in terms of finance. For years we have been discussing silver as poets or religious enthusiasts, to the amazement of the Old World financiers. That they should not have sooner treated us as his neighbors treated the New England deacon, by bringing in the counterfeit money to his store from far and near as soon as they heard that his eyesight had begun to fail, shows wonderful forbearance.

But no amount of reflection on our past folly will get us out of our present scrape. The President and Cabinet are in deep consultation as to what should be done. Well, there is only one thing to be done, and that is to call Congress together and set before them, without either ornament or drapery, the problem to be solved. Considering how serious this problem is, the excuses made for not calling Congress together, such as the susceptibility of Congressmen to heat, and the doubt whether the Senate will not let the country wade deeper into financial confusion sooner than abandon the silver humbug, have an almost childish air. The crisis has passed completely beyond the control of either the President or Secretary of the Treasury. If they were to reflect on the situation for six months, they could not improve it. Congress only can improve it, and the President's first duty, as it seems to us, is to get the two houses in session and make them face the music. If they will not act, let them think about it, and the best place to do their thinking, and receive the news of the devastation which their past delirium is working all over the country, is Washington. There let them sit under the public eye until they come to some conclusion.

For what is the problem to be solved? Why, the most serious that can be set before a great commercial nation, except the means of repelling a foreign invasion. *It is neither more nor less than the provision of a standard of value.* We are to-day to all intents and purposes without one. That is to say, we have actually no measure by which a citizen can ascertain with accuracy what the debts due to him, or the securities he holds, or the contracts he has made will be worth in any other commodities one month or five years hence. We have tried to make a standard out of silver, and have totally failed, and the gold standard has slipped and is slipping away from us. The absence of a standard of value in the world of business of course means chaos, and to chaos we are drifting.

If any one thinks this language too strong, let us explain that the most serious result of the silver agitation has been the gradual but effectual banishment from the popular mind in large portions of the country, and from the Congressional mind too, of the idea of money as a measure of value; and yet this is its chief, if not sole, function. A nation which has lost this idea is at sea without compass or rudder, and that is very nearly our condition. The preaching of the silverites, paperites, and bimetallists, combined with the Supreme Court decision on the power of Congress to issue legal-tender greenbacks, has in the popular eye converted money, whether metallic or paper, into a commodity of which there cannot be too much, and which a paternal government ought to distribute freely among the needy. Here is a paragraph from a leading Mississippi paper which brings out this idea very clearly:

"Did any bank or firm up North fail because it had too much silver? Not by a long shot. Every bank in the land would like to have a wagon load or so. The South could take two hundred millions of silver, yet the contractionists tell us the silver money is the trouble. The trouble is about silver, but it is to get enough of it."

The notion, we see, that silver money has any use as a measure of value in other things, and that therefore there might be too much of it, has no place in this writer's mind. It is to him simply a comfort, like tea, whiskey, or tobacco, of which the more the merrier, and he thinks plainly that no amount of silver in circulation would affect prices in silver. The work before Congress and the country now is to get rid in some way of what it is not extravagant to call this terrible delusion, and to restore money to its true original place in the American mind, as an instrument for ascertaining the value of other things. Until this is done, we cannot have financial stability, and it is Congress that must begin the work.

SILVER-BUGS AND SILVEROLATRY.

THERE are two editors in two cities at the South presumably exerting some influence on somebody—one at Atlanta, Ga., who "hollers" for silver, and one at Vicksburg, Miss., who "bollers" for paper money. Both are pursued by "gold-bugs," and live in a world of machinations and conspiracies against all manner of poor people on the part of rich men and dealers in bullion. In fact, the financial world at the South seems to be as full of demons as the cells of the mediæval monks used to be. The sleep of Southern editors is broken every night by the shrieks of silver under the tortures of the "goldmaniacs" and other devils. No one would suppose, on reading their fulminations, that it was one hundred and fifty years since the Dublin mob burnt the bank bills of the Latouches to spite the firm which issued them, and that since then an American republic, based on popular education and intelligence, guided or warned by the experience of the human race, had come into existence.

One of these editors the other day was invited to read the report of the Bullion Committee of 1810, by way of clearing his mind about the working of two kinds of legal tender of different value in the same country. He has declined to take this trouble, on the ground that the Bullion Committee were dealing with a different

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kind of currency from the one which puzzles us—namely, irredeemable paper, and not silver; silver being his own particular fetish. But it makes no difference whether the report deals with paper money or metallic money. Its importance and instructiveness are due to the fact that it was dealing with a *depreciated currency* which had driven a better one out of circulation. England in 1810 was living on irredeemable legal-tender bank paper, circulating at a discount of 13 per cent., and the Bank tried to persuade people that it was not the paper which had depreciated, but the gold which had grown dearer—the very little game which our silver-bugs, with eighty years' more experience, are trying to play on us.

We have two kinds of currency in use also, one of which is kept from 30 per cent. of depreciation only by being redeemed in gold, at great expense, and for no earthly purpose but to oblige the mine-owners, as nobody wants it as money. If we refused to redeem it, our gold would promptly leave us, and we should come down, with a thud, to the exact situation in which the Bullion Committee found England—that is, with a standard of value with only local circulation, and 30 per cent. at least below that of the rest of the world. When this occurs, it makes little difference whether the currency be irredeemable silver or irredeemable paper. The silver, to be sure, would have some intrinsic value, while the paper would have none, but the monetary disturbance would be about the same. Consequently, when any one is lecturing on the evils of a depreciated currency, it is immaterial whether he talks about metal or paper.

The great trouble with all the silverites and currency lunatics, North and South, is that, when monetary crises arise, they cannot be got to go to the right quarter for information. They will not look into the records of human experience to see whether any such crisis has arisen before, and how it ended. Not only this, but they will not consult those of their contemporaries who know anything about the matter. For example, when a period of tight money comes, with numerous failures because of the tightness of money, the natural and rational course for those whom the situation puzzles would be to go to the people who have money and refuse to lend or invest it. These are the men who know all that is known about the matter, and who are examining the situation in the dry white light of self-interest. By asking a moneyed man with a large bank balance why he is keeping out of the market, you will get from him, if he is truthful, a full explanation of the trouble. He is clearly afraid of something, or anticipates something, and, being an expert, his fears probably solve the problem. But he is the last person a silver or paper lunatic thinks of visiting or heeding. On the contrary, he denounces him, and warns people against him, and tells all the world that the men who have the highest interest in public prosperity are really plotters against the general welfare, and find financial disaster and general poverty and apprehension the true field for the display of their talents. If this were true, if the State's great merchants and financiers flourished through general impoverishment, of course all the chief commercial countries of the world would to-day be howling wastes.

Instead of going to the men who have money and deal in it, the silverites, in times of financial trouble, usually consult the men who have no money and desire it furiously, who know nothing of the play of the human mind around currency and capital. The story these gentlemen tell them is of course always the same—that there is not half money enough in the world, as may be seen by the state of "shortness" in which most people pass their lives; that the amount should be increased, by hook or by crook; and that, for their part, they are ready to take it from whatever quarter or in whatever form it comes, whether "per capita" or "per stirpes," "direct to the people" or in a lump sum, in metal, paper, leather, or any stamped material. When this stuff is turned into newspaper articles and speeches, or offered as financial wisdom in a democratic country, it of course makes confusion worse confounded. Illustrations of the confusion may be found even in ordinary times by such talk as the late Mr. Blaine's, who informed his political friends that we had lost "$41,000,000 in a single year" in our trade with Cuba, when the people who carried on the Cuban trade were laughing in their sleeves at him; and who also gave out some years ago that it was owing to English machinations that South Americans had got into the way of asking payment in bills on London for goods sold to us, which of course made the South Americans grin.

Political economy is in reality psychology. When we talk of the "operations of trade and finance," we mean the operations of the human mind around trade and finance. It is the play of the human mind around money that constitutes financial history, but it is only the play of minds which own money and deal in it that is instructive. The play of uninstructed minds that have no money and never deal in it, explains nothing.

AMBIGUOUS INFALLIBILITY.

THE Pope's letter to the Catholic hierarchy of the United States on the public-school question, made public last week, is an important document, but we very much doubt if it will prove to be the olive branch which he seems to think it. In the first place, it undiplomatically blurts out the truth that there has been an acrimonious conflict raging among American prelates, marked by bitter personal recrimination and rival appeals to the Holy See. This cannot be especially soothing to those who have been engaged in the conflict, particularly as they have all along asserted that there was no conflict, but that everything was peace and harmony. For the Pope now to come along talking about "dissensions" and "writings published with excited minds and angry feelings," and even about "false interpretations and malignant imputations," is distinctly calculated to arouse new wrath in their celestial minds.

Another and more important reason why the pontifical letter will not make an end of the strife is, that it so plainly strives to please both parties to it, and, on the main point, is ambiguous. Let it be remembered that the course of the Catholic Church on the school question in this country had been governed by the decrees on the subject by the Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in 1884. That course had been, if not of distinct hostility to the public-school system of the United States, at least of distinct aversion to it, and the avowed policy was to take all Catholic children out of public schools and to provide for their education in parochial schools. It was under the authority of the Baltimore decrees that the lines were drawn more and more tightly, that priests were enjoined by their bishops to set up a school in every parish, no matter at what inconvenience and sacrifice, and that the practice came in of threatening and visiting Catholic parents with ecclesiastical penalties for sending their children to public schools. It was, moreover, the Baltimore decrees which Archbishop Corrigan made the ground of his charge that Archbishop Ireland had been guilty of disobedience and insubordination in endeavoring to effect a compromise with the godless schools of the State. In short, the appeal of what may be called the high-church wing was all along to the decisions of the Baltimore Council.

It might therefore look, and we do not doubt the high-church party will promptly claim, that the Pope sustains their position, and that they have won a great victory. What else can be meant by that passage in the Pope's letter in which he says: "We declare that the decrees which the Baltimore Council, agreeably to the directions of the Holy See, have enacted concerning parochial schools . . . are to be steadfastly observed"? This has been Archbishop Corrigan's whole contention, and it might be thought that he had gained all he has been fighting for, and that Archbishops Ireland and Gibbons would have to reverse themselves at once or be subject to discipline. But in another part of his letter the Pope also supports the opposite contention, saying that "we also with great pleasure confirm" the resolutions on the school question which Archbishop Satolli ordered passed in the meeting of the archbishops in this city last November. Now those resolutions, and the policy marked out under them, were distinctly at variance with the Baltimore decrees, in

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several important points, and all the pother over them has been precisely because they were at variance. So that we have the Pope in the act of cordially assenting to two propositions which those who have maintained either have supposed and declared to be utterly irreconcilable.

His Holiness himself seems aware of the awkwardness of his position, and endeavors to make it seem consistent by bringing into requisition the useful art of theological interpretation. If we only suppose that the Baltimore decrees meant B when they said A, and that the Satolli resolutions meant B when they said C, and if we further remember the fact, so important for logical purposes, that the Church cannot, from the nature of the case, say different things at different times, we see immediately that it is possible at once to condemn public schools and to support them, to sustain Archbishop Corrigan and to sustain at the same time his opposite, Archbishop Ireland. Nothing could be simpler, and the Pope seems to smile complacently after this exhibition of his dexterity, and speaks of "the controversy" as being now "not only calmed but totally ended."

We think, however, that the liberal party will be perfectly willing to concede the theoretic victory to the conservatives as long as they may continue to feel sure, as they undoubtedly may, that the practical fruits of victory remain with them. As a matter of fact, the Pope upholds his Ablegate, and declares that he will keep him on in this country indefinitely. That can mean only one thing in practice. The Archbishop of Lepanto will go on overruling the decisions of the conservatives about the schools, giving Catholic parents liberty to send their children where they please, and countenancing all such attempts as that of Archbishop Ireland to effect a reconciliation between the public and the parochial schools. Such a result we can only consider a good thing both for the Catholic Church and for the country.

THE ENGLISH RAILWAY PROBLEM.

ENGLISH financial writers are attributing a part of the depression in British trade to the high rates of the railways. England is the only nation whose transportation statistics are kept in such an incomplete state that the average charges per ton per mile cannot be ascertained, so that exact comparison with the United States and Continental countries in this respect is impossible. Yet it will be approximately correct to say that British railway tariffs are on the average three times higher than our own, though the average distance the goods are carried is longer in America. When we recollect that the reliance of English manufacturers is mainly upon foreign markets, it is easy to see that, in times of depression or severe competition, the high charges for transportation from factory to port may turn the scale against them. Differences in wholesale cost which would not affect the retail prices at all, may be enough to divert sales from one country or one manufacturer to another, for it is the fractional savings in quotations to the wholesale distributor which change the courses of trade. While inventions and improvements have reduced the cost of ocean carriage to but a fraction of the old charges, the railway tariffs in Great Britain have not been materially changed for years, though in the United States we have witnessed a reduction almost as great as upon the ocean. It is no wonder, therefore, that the traders in England should have succeeded in getting Parliamentary action upon the question; nor, under the circumstances, is it surprising that the tariffs actually adopted by the railways under the new law should be greatly disappointing to those who began the agitation. The Manchester ship canal is a gigantic enterprise in which very large sums have been spent to save rail charges for comparatively but a few miles.

There are two main reasons for high railway charges in England, the difficulties of which the rate-reformers have not yet apparently considered, but which must be met if the problem is to be solved. The first relates to the method of operation. The competition in facilities between English railways surpasses anything we know of in the United States. Instances are related where shopkeepers have changed their shipments from one carrier to another because of the difference of half an hour in the delivery of goods. So far is this matter of speed insisted upon that while American cars carry twenty tons or more each, English freight-cars are made to hold but seven or eight tons, and are often run with half that quantity, in order that the car may be taken at once from the loading platform and perhaps dropped off from the train at some small town within the hour. Economy of operation is sacrificed to time, and the English public pays for the despatch in higher rates. As Mr. Acworth says, no one can expect a retail business to be done at wholesale prices. So far as this cause of high tariffs is concerned, the English public has the remedy in its own hands. It has before it the example of the United States, where large train-loads of staples are moved at low rates but at slow speed, and often with irritating delays. The English trader cannot have low rates and quick despatch: it is not fair to ask the railway for both. Reforms in the operation of British railways will come only when the English manufacturer and farmer are willing to accept the alternative.

The capital invested in English railways is very large. It averages over $200,000 per mile, or four times our average. The charges must, therefore, be high enough to leave interest on cost after deducting the expenses of operation. To cut tariffs down so that the railways could not earn this interest would amount to practical confiscation. In the struggle over rates before Parliament that body was obliged to recognize these obligations of the railways and fix the maximum rates accordingly. When the companies were obliged to reduce rates at one point to conform to the law, they raised them at other points where the charges had been below the new standard. The traders therefore have succeeded merely in shifting tariffs a little. The large capitalization is due to the great expenses for land and franchises at the outset, to the high standard of plant required, and to the English custom of adding every little improvement to capital while paying out in dividends the whole of the larger annual income thus obtained. The high standard of excellence is both a good and a bad feature. The elimination of grade-crossings with wagon-roads and other railroads is becoming an important question in the Eastern States; yet in the newer States it has proved far better to have the railroads with the crossings than to have neither. The American system leaves such questions until they become pressing, because railroads we must have; we ask only for such a degree of perfection at the outset as will not stop their building. There are yet parts of England without rail facilities where it would be wise to allow cheap construction for the sake of the needed lines. There are other companies, for example, in Scotland upon which the requirement for extensive signals bears heavily. Under existing conditions no new railways need be expected. Extreme precautions for safety are rightly required at certain points, but the expense is heavy. To demand these of new enterprises is to prohibit them.

The high cost of railway land and the habit of paying every possible penny to stockholders are British concessions to the landholders and capitalists. A charter could be most easily obtained by agreeing to give extravagant prices for the land required for tracks and terminals. The practice of capitalizing every possible item, instead of paying from current revenue for the small things which add nothing to a road's earning power, has made large dividends possible in some cases, but has increased the annual fixed charges of the English lines to such an amount that a reduction in charges or a serious falling off in traffic would have grave consequences. The present topheavy capitalization of the British railways is therefore owing mainly to the necessity of conciliating the aristocratic and moneyed classes. The demand for lower rates on the part of the manufacturers and tenant farmers is from this point of view similar to the agitation now going on for lower rent; indeed, the problems of transportation charges and of prices are bound up together. This peculiar situation in England is the only strong argument quoted in favor of greater governmental control, for Englishmen on general grounds do not favor such a proposition. But the

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rising democracy may in time force some drastic measures upon the railways, if it shall appear that high tariffs are really hindering English trade. Meanwhile economists are discussing whether the railway debt cannot be paid off, and whether it ought not to be.

While the impartial writer must acknowledge many blots upon our railroad history in the United States, it is yet a cause of congratulation that we have not the English problem to solve. Our capitalization, in spite of water, has increased naturally as the traffic grew, until now our roads with the largest debts have the lowest average tariffs. It has turned out for the best that lines were built cheaply and improved as occaeion needed. Indeed, we have for a few years gone to the other extreme, and, by denying the right of agreement to the carriers, have reduced their revenues until the companies have not the money to make the improvements demanded by our theory. While the English railway must have a high tariff because of its expensive plant, the present American "cut" rates are too low for the public good and the public safety. But we can correct our errors more easily than can the English theirs.

ULSTER'S SUPERIORITY IN IRELAND.

LONDON, June 13, 1893.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the present heroic effort of the Liberal party to settle the Irish difficulty, it will be of permanent interest to consider Ulster's claim, as representing "all that's honest, honorable, and fair" within the four seas of Ireland, to prime consideration over the rest of the land. An article from the pen of Mr. J. G. Colclough in this month's number of the *Contemporary Review*, offers us a mine of information and a basis for such review. Irish counties, baronies, poor-law and electoral districts figure in acts of Parliament. The provinces have no legal administrative existence. They are more or less conterminous with four out of the five somewhat nebulous kingdoms into which the island was once divided; they are survivals of commands held by English lord-presidents during centuries through which the work of conquest was being carried out. Geographically Ireland is singularly homogeneous. She is not divided by wide and far-reaching indentations as is England by the Bristol Channel, the Thames, the Wash, or as is Scotland by the Clyde, the Forth, and the innumerable fiords and headlands which lend such an incomparable charm to her scenery. Galway Bay and the Shannon come the nearest to such demarcations in Ireland, and yet we do not find on the opposite shores of these estuaries opposing political forces. Political feeling as between north and south in Ireland existed, sad to say, long before the Anglo-Norman invasion, and afterwards long before the difference between Catholic and Protestant existed. It died down and flickered to extinction only during the closing years of the last century, when Irishmen were compelled to debate out and settle their own differences in a central assembly. It never had distinct boundaries, and now the prevailing nationalism of the country surges with full force over the border counties of the nine which comprise the north-eastern province, and extends far within its borders before breaking upon the unsympathetic corner districts which constitute the real stronghold of Ulsteria.

Ulster's claim to first consideration is such as has perhaps never elsewhere been preferred upon similar grounds by any integral portion (of corresponding extent) of a country. Manufacturing districts in the North or aggregations of agricultural counties in the South of England might often have put forward for consideration like demands to dominate their island. Each section of the inhabitants of Ireland has its own virtues and its own shortcomings. Nothing could justify the attempt to compare one with the other but the claim to special immunity from shortcomings set up by one or the other; and if we can show that Ulster does not in some respects come so triumphantly out of a comparison with the other provinces, it must not be taken as proof that she may not be able to prove superiority in others. Ulster's self-consciousness, her provincialism, so to speak, is without parallel in the rest of the United Kingdom. Ireland generally does not, under ordinary circumstances, take much heed of Ulster, while Ulster is ever thinking of how she affects the rest of Ireland. Dublin does not concern herself regarding Belfast. The people of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught do not vaunt Dublin as the ne-plus-ultra of cities. But Belfast is much concerned about her standing as compared with Dublin, and the Protestant inhabitants of the rest of Ireland swear by Belfast. Time-pieces in Great Britain are set by Greenwich, in Ireland by Dublin—except in Belfast, which holds to her astronomical meridian, two minutes different. Regarding the spirit of the rest of Ireland towards the Protestant minority, of which the Ulster Protestants are the principal portion, and of Ulster towards the rest of Ireland, there could be no better test than an examination of the "National" and "Protestant" song-books respectively. In the first are to be found, indeed, much hatred of England, but no antagonism to Protestantism, and many calls to union between all sections of Irishmen, whether orange or green. In the others, interlarded with "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and the "British Grenadiers," is little but glorification of "The Boyne," "Derry," and Protestantism, and much ribald condemnation of Catholics and Catholicism.

Ulster includes nine counties—Antrim, Armagh, Cavan, Donegal, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, Monaghan, and Tyrone. Its area is 5,483,200 acres, or 26 per cent. that of Ireland. "Ulster's property as compared to the rest of Ireland is phenomenal." Its population by last census was 1,619,814, showing a decrease of over 750,000 in the last fifty years—a decrease as decided and persistent as that which has taken place within the same period in the centre and retrogressive south. The rapid development of Belfast has not prevented the total population of the two counties in which it is situated from falling off by 27,134 within the past fifty years. They have increased by but 1,137 persons within the past ten years. "If," says Mr. Colclough, "there is so much satisfaction with the present state of things in Ulster that we are threatened with a rising in arms in case anything should happen to disturb it, why, in the name of goodness, is the population vanishing so rapidly?" Some of the counties which show the most striking depopulation are those in which there is a large proportion of Protestants. "Wealthy and prosperous" Down, with its 84.6 per cent. of arable land, has decreased in population faster than Catholic Donegal, where the arable land is but 54.7 per cent. of the whole area. Belfast's premier position as a trading port is vaunted. She has, it is true, lately overtaken Dublin. Regarding exports, she was in 1880 the twenty-fourth, in 1891 the forty-first port in the United Kingdom. With respect to imports, she stood twenty-second and sixteenth at the same periods. Regarding the housing of its people, Ulster is behind Leinster and only on a par with Munster as to the percentage of first-class houses; behind Leinster and Munster as to second-class; while she has a larger proportion of third-class than Leinster and Munster. She is ahead of the other provinces only in the small percentage of the lowest or fourth-class dwellings. Taking all the Irish counties separately and arranging them in the order of their first-class house accommodations, we find that six non-Ulster counties head the list. Down and Antrim come in seventh and eighth, Derry fourteenth, Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second; Fermanagh, Cavan, Donegal, twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth. Upon the whole, the housing in Ulster is behind that in Leinster and Munster.

Regarding agricultural holdings, the following are the percentages in ratable value, over and under £15, in the four provinces:

	Over £15.	Under £15.
Leinster	42.6	57.4
Munster	41.8	58.2
Ulster	31.2	68.8
Connaught	13.4	86.6

If we consider the size of holdings as measured by their ratable value, Ulster also comes out third in inverse proportion to the agricultural population:

	Agricultural Population.	Agricultural holdings rated at		
		Over £100 to £200.	Over £200 to £300.	over £300.
Leinster	567,390	49,341	21,382	38,313
Munster	762,716	50,250	15,549	24,968
Ulster	1,019,168	44,241	12,523	16,353
Connaught.	629,196	12,601	4,925	11,427

Dividing the total population into the total ratable value of the four provinces, we find Leinster has £4 6s. 10d. per head; Munster, £2 19s. 6d.; Ulster, £2 15s. 4d.; Connaught, £1 19d. 8d. Again, disregarding provinces and placing the thirty-two counties in the order of their rating per head of population (Meath heading the list with £7 2s. 3d. per head, and Mayo closing it with £1 8s. 9d.), Down, the first Ulster County, comes in 13th; Fermanagh, Antrim, Monaghan, Armagh are 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th; Derry, 22d; Tyrone, 24th; Cavan, 26th; Donegal, 31st. The valuation of Dublin city is £2 19s. 1d. per head; of Belfast, £2. 15s. 1d. If we consider alone the ratings over £20, the result as to order of counties is much the same.

"At least regarding income from trade Ulster stands first." The income tax charged in 1889-'90 was in Belfast £89,004, in Dublin £163,573; while, upon the whole, Ulster ranks after Leinster—£164,588 to Leinster's £251,224; and if we consider the amount of income returned from trade per head of population, we find it to be in Leinster, £10 9s. 9d.; in Munster, £6 18s. 4d.; Ulster, £6 2s. 4d.; Connaught, £3 11s. 2d. It must be remembered that in-

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come tax is levied only on incomes over £150, and that incomes under £400 are freed to the extent of £120. So that it is *possible* that in Ulster the proportion of persons with moderate incomes under £150 may be larger than the proportion of persons raised above poverty with such incomes in other parts of Ireland.

"Ulster is Protestant!" Of her total population 46 per cent. are Catholics. In five out of the nine counties Catholics are in the majority. Of the 190,000 persons engaged in the textile industries, some 70,000 are Catholics. A consideration of their interests is sufficient guarantee that the Catholics in the rest of Ireland, were they so inclined, would pause before they compassed the injury of Ulster's staple industry. The Empire was lately warned by one of the Unionist Ulster members that "Cavan was armed," omitting to add that 81 per cent. of the population of Cavan is Catholic and National. Of the thirty-three Ulster representatives, fourteen are Home-Rulers. A change of 600 votes from one side to the other at the last election would have placed the Home-Rulers in a majority in this so-called Unionist province.

Regarding education: As might be supposed from past treatment, the Protestant counties are well ahead; yet if we regard Ulster as a whole we find that it by no means excels in the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write—the percentages being, Leinster, 74.6; Munster, 71.7; Ulster, 70.7; Connaught, 61.8. Ulster here again comes out third. And on closer examination of figures this curious fact appears, that the Catholics in Ulster are not, upon the whole, as well educated as the Catholics in the rest of Ireland, the Episcopalians as the Episcopalians in the rest of Ireland, or the Presbyterians as the Presbyterians in the rest of Ireland.

Regarding crime in its more serious aspects, Ulster is worse than Connaught and better than the other provinces as to offences against the person and against property, while regarding malicious injuries she has the best record. The percentage of illegitimate births is in Ulster, 4; Leinster, 2.5; Munster, 2.2; Connaught (the poorest province), 0.8. Then, it may be asked, if Ulster is not more tolerant, is not richer, is not better educated, more moral, more wide-spirited than the rest of Ireland, how comes it that she plays such an important part in the politics of the time? This is doubtless chiefly due to her Protestantism—to the continuity and self-reliance that Protestantism fosters. It is due to her history and her treatment, to the happy union between high and low that subsists in such a large proportion of her population. It is due to the fact that to such a large extent she is satisfied with her state and has not been drawn away from industrial pursuits to political agitation. In necessary reforms she has let the other portions of Ireland bear the brunt of the battle, and has then entered into the full benefit of their labors. It must also be recollected that Unionist Ulster is under the patronage of the wealthiest and most powerful classes and parties in England, who support her claims as a means to sustain their own. Ireland is as proud of the textile industries of her North, and of her Belfast shipyards, as is Great Britain of Lancashire and Yorkshire—of the Thames, the Tyne, and the Clyde. When Ulster ceases to urge her present pretensions and relies upon her own inherent capabilities, hateful comparisons between the provinces will cease, and she will command an honored place in the Irish body politic.

D. B.

PRESIDENT HÉNAULT.—II.

PARIS, June 8, 1893.

WE left President Hénault and Mme. du Deffand at a time when the fire of their mutual affection had ceased to be very incandescent. Their letters are more incisive than affectionate; they both write merely in order to receive amusing and interesting answers. Sometimes they scold each other. He kept her informed of all that was going on at the court of Marie Leczinska; he had become very intimate with the Queen, and his memoirs and letters give us innumerable details as to her life, her habits, her small circle. Hénault published in 1744 his great historical work, the 'Nouvel Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France.' The book was well received. Voltaire paid great compliments to the author. "I admire," said he, "your vivid characterization of kings and centuries. What you say of Louis XII., of Henri IV., of Louis XIII., of Louis XIV., ought to be learned by heart. . . . Your work is a masterpiece of *esprit* and of reason."

Mme. du Deffand, thanks to the friendship of Hénault and of the Duchesse du Maine, had regained her position in society; the world is at times very forgiving. She felt, however, the necessity of consolidating her position, and she took an apartment in the Convent of Saint Joseph, as Mme. Récamier afterwards did in the Abbaye aux Bois. Already widows or unmarried ladies were allowed to have lodgings in a convent, in a separate corridor, to keep their own servants and receive their friends. The Convent of Saint Joseph soon became a centre to which all the friends of Mme. du Deffand came with regularity. She drew thither, with her usual adroitness, all the people whom she had been in the habit of seeing at Sceaux, at the Duchesse du Maine's. Hénault continued to play the principal part in the new salon; the other habitual visitors were Montesquieu, Pont-de-Veyle, the friend of Voltaire, the Chevalier d'Aydie, D'Alembert, the Marquis d'Argenson, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the Beauvaus, the Maréchale de Mirepoix, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, the Duchesse de Chaulnes. Mme. du Deffand's salon soon became an authority in all literary matters; it was thought a great favor to be received in it. Mme. du Deffand became by degrees thoroughly blind; it was all the more necessary for her to be constantly surrounded by a numerous circle of friends. She even looked for a permanent companion who could read and talk to her. She had made at her brother's house the acquaintance of a girl, Mlle. de Lespinasse, who occupied in her sister-in-law's house an ill-defined position, something between a maid and a companion. Mlle. de Lespinasse was the illegitimate child of Mme. d'Albon, sister-in-law of Mme. du Deffand. The secret of her birth was known to Mme. de Vichy-Chamrond, daughter of Mme. d'Albon, and this lady had taken her into her house, though she treated her as an inferior. Mme. du Deffand had been charmed by the conversation of Mlle. de Lespinasse, and she invited her to become her companion. She told her very plainly what her conditions were in a letter written on February 13, 1754: "There is a point on which I must explain myself—it is this: the least artifice and even the least art you should put in your conduct with me would be insupportable to me." She made her understand that she would admit her by degrees into the society of her own friends, naming especially D'Alembert, but, she added, "I am naturally suspicious," by which she meant that she intended to remain herself the mistress of her own salon. She needed the help of Mlle. de Lespinasse, but she would not bear her rivalry for a moment.

President Hénault was advancing more and more in the good graces of the Queen, who appointed him superintendent of her household. This office did not give him much occupation, but it gave him a greater importance at court. There were no bounds to the prodigality of Louis XV., who lavished presents on his mistresses, but we see by the accounts of Hénault that the Queen had a pension of only 100,000 francs. When the new year came, she was embarrassed for the presents she had to make. "Take me out of my difficulty," she wrote to the President; "we are more noble than rich." She was fond of playing *cavagnole*, and sometimes, when she lost, she was embarrassed to pay her little debts. Hénault used his influence with the Queen to obtain for Mme. du Deffand a pension of 6,000 francs; he continued to be the principal personage in her salon. Mlle. de Lespinasse, who was now established at the convent of Saint Joseph, had given great satisfaction at first to Mme. du Deffand by her care, her attention, her talents as a reader. She had discreetly ingratiated herself with all the friends of Mme. du Deffand. The honeymoon lasted long, but what might have been prophesied happened in the end: by degrees Mlle. de Lespinasse became more and more important. She was young, talented, of a warm and even ardent disposition; she was gay. It was still the fashion to write portraits, and we read in the portrait which Hénault wrote of Mlle. de Lespinasse, and which he addressed to herself: "You are cosmopolitan, and you accommodate yourself to every situation. You understand the whole world; in vain we might transplant you—you would take root everywhere." Mlle. de Lespinasse was a born Célimène; Mme. du Deffand had been reassured at first because Mlle. de Lespinasse showed traces of the smallpox, and people had told her that she was plain. D'Alembert did not find her so plain, and was much occupied with her.

Mme. du Deffand slept chiefly during the day; she opened her salon only at five. Mlle. de Lespinasse contrived to receive in her own room at four o'clock, and to keep for an hour to herself D'Alembert, Condorcet, Turgot, Chastellux, La Rochefoucauld, and others; her four o'clocks became an attraction, and it is said that Hénault himself went sometimes to these clandestine meetings. When Madame knew the truth, she flew into a great rage, accused Mlle. de Lespinasse of the blackest ingratitude, and turned her out of her house. The friends of Mademoiselle hired a small apartment for her. Mme. Geoffrin, whose salon was the rival of Mme. du Deffand's, gave her at once a small pension, which she paid to her secretly; the Duc de Choiseul obtained a royal pension for her. Mme. du Deffand imperiously asked D'Alembert to choose between her and her exiled rival; he had no hesitation, and followed Mlle. de Lespinasse. He had good reasons for it, if I remember well a lecture delivered a few years ago by Guillaume Guizot at the Cercle Saint-Simon, in the course of which he read some letters which have not been published, to my knowledge, and which throw much light on the relations of D'Alembert and of Mlle. de Lespinasse.

Mme. du Deffand was obliged to shut her eyes on the conduct of her friends towards Mlle. de Lespinasse; she could not lose them all. She had fallen into an incurable melancholy, and needed distraction. Grimm reports very graphically a dialogue between her and her

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friend Pont-de-Veyle. "Where are you, Pont-de-Veyle?" "By your chimney-corner." "It must be acknowledged that there are few friendships as old as ours." "That is true." "It has lasted fifty years." "Yes, fifty years." "And in this long interval, not even the appearance of a quarrel." "I have often wondered at it." "But is it not, Pont-de-Veyle, because we have always at heart been very indifferent to each other?" "Yes, it might be, Madam." This state of indifference, of apathy, in Mme. du Deffand was not going to last for ever. In 1765, shortly after the sudden departure of Mlle. de Lespinasse, there arrived in Paris an Englishman whose name was already famous—Horace Walpole. Who has not read the Letters of Horace Walpole? He has taken care to tell us himself the whole story of his relations with Mme. du Deffand. In order to have the story complete, you must add to Walpole's Letters the 'Letters of the Marquise du Deffand to the Hon. Horace Walpole,' published from the originals at Strawberry Hill, in four volumes (1810). These volumes have become rare; they are of extraordinary interest not only from a literary but also from a psychologic point of view. It is easy to imagine that Mme. du Deffand would take an exceptional interest in a man as remarkable and agreeable as Walpole; it is more difficult to understand how, at her age, blind as she was, she conceived for him a passion which she persists in calling a friendship, but which had at least some of the characteristics of love. Walpole does not always play the best part in the correspondence; he is too much afraid of ridicule. Not very young himself, he nevertheless seems to resent Mme. du Deffand's professions of affection when they become too warm. As for her, we can hardly comprehend her state of mind. Living among people who had very superficial sentiments (and nobody was more superficial than her life-long friend Hénault), she had a deeper sense of the vanity of men and things; she was, in that gay society of the eighteenth century, a real pessimist; she had no religious faith. She seems to have clung to Walpole as to the last thing which could reconcile her to life and could make her heart beat. I forget who wrote on a statue of Love—

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

But Mme. du Deffand was not a victim of ordinary love, of the little god Cupid. She interests us as a person who, having sinned in her youth, after having spent her life in artificialities and conventions, has in her old age, perhaps on account of her blindness, a vision of the true value of the real, noble, disinterested affections of the heart. On the whole, she is more interesting to the philosopher than the reasonable Hénault, who is the optimist *par excellence;* who can equally well write a big historical work and small verse, who can find a charm in the dull society of Marie Leczinska as well as in the society of the wits of his time.

I should be led too far if I spoke at length of Mme. du Deffand, of Walpole, of Mlle. de Lespinasse. I must return to our President Hénault. The Queen never recovered from the emotions which she had suffered during the illness of her son, the Dauphin, and of his wife, the Dauphiness; they both died, and she herself died on June 24, 1768. Her death was a great blow to Hénault; his health was impaired, but he was surrounded by the most affectionate relations and friends, and treated as a spoiled child by all of them. The King, who was not very sentimental, had a moment of sentimentality for him: when the new Dauphin, who became Louis XVI., was married to Marie Antoinette, Louis XV. spontaneously gave to Hénault the office of superintendent of her household, out of regard for the memory of Marie Leczinska, for whom Hénault had filled the same office.

Hénault was much flattered by this attention of his sovereign, but he was no longer able to fulfil the duties of his function. His head had given way; he fell constantly into a state of somnolence. He died on November 24, 1770. Mme. du Deffand wrote to Walpole the next day: "No end was ever easier." The niece of Hénault "seems to be extremely distressed; my own trouble is more moderate. I had so many proofs of his economy of friendship that it is as if I had lost a mere acquaintance. However, as this acquaintance was very old, and as the world thought us very intimate (with the exception of a few people who knew some of the matters of which I had to complain), I receive condolences on all sides." Voltaire, who knew how the friendship of Hénault and Mme. du Deffand had cooled down, wrote to her:

"Je chante la psalmodie,
Sage du Deffand, je renie
Votre président et le mien.
A tout le monde il voulait plaire,
Mais le charlatan n'aimait rien,
De plus il disait son bréviaire."

The President had become devout as he approached his end.

Correspondence.

PROPAGANDISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The "large and difficult question" of popular education regarding economic subjects has long been of great interest to me, and your article on "Our Mode of Learning Political Economy," in the *Nation* of June 8, prompts me to say a word in response. "The spendthrift's childlike faith in the inexhaustibility of his patrimony" is a strong belief in the general American mind, and a potent influence in our national character and action, but the whole mass of our people can be educated. We can take any substantial idea relating to public interests or affairs, which admits of brief and clear statement, and can put it into the minds of all the people of the United States, of every occupation and condition in life, so that they will give it attention and will talk about it; and while their minds are in this condition of awakened attention we can urge our own matured convictions—if we have any—with whatever facts and arguments we have at command. We cannot always foreknow the conclusions or action which will result, but we can compel universal attention to the ideas which we ourselves believe and wish to see generally adopted. Of course, in order to do this, we must have such ideas, and the wish to diffuse them, and the money to pay for the work of putting them into the public mind. The methods usually depended upon for the diffusion of ideas would be wholly inadequate and ineffective for such an undertaking.

But few people in our country appear to have any ideas which they care much about propagating. Several years ago the leaders of one of the two great political parties in one of the principal States of our country requested me to meet them for consultation regarding this subject of the diffusion of ideas as a means of strengthening their party. We met almost every day for nearly two weeks. About thirty or thirty-five men in all attended the meetings, but only about two-thirds of them were ever present at the same time. They were all intelligent, were leaders in business and politics, and the aggregate value of their property—several times incidentally referred to—was over one hundred millions of dollars. I told them at once it would be easy to flood the land with their thought, whatever it might be, if they had anything they cared to say plainly in everybody's hearing, and explained the necessary methods for the work of diffusion. Most of the time at all the meetings was employed in considering what they wished to say. The result was that most of them wished to send out a statement or expression suited to impress favorably different groups of voters holding widely different opinions. The essential feature of it was that it could be understood or interpreted in several different ways, so as to enlist the support of men who had little in common in their political beliefs. It was very ingeniously contrived, but I was obliged to say that I knew of no means by which such a declaration of ideas could be used as an instrument of popular education, and I did not think it could be successfully or effectively propagated.

Most of the leading men of all beliefs in our country appear to be in about the same state of mind with this company of millionaires. They have no ideas which they greatly care to propagate. They shrink from the work and expense required for such educational effort, chiefly, perhaps, because they are entirely unaccustomed to it. Many of them have also an instinctive feeling that the discussion resulting from any such propagation of distinct and unambiguous teaching, regarding public interests and affairs, would shake down some things which they wish to uphold and preserve. This feeling is pretty general among the people of our country, and their apprehension or foresight in the matter is not unreasonable. But there has never before been a time when seventy millions of human beings were so accessible to teaching, or when it would be so easy to fill and engage all the minds of a great nation with the same ideas and doctrines. But Americans would rather have hundreds of millions of their wealth wasted and destroyed than employ a small part of it in intelligent effort for the propagation of their own ideas as a means of preventing the mischief and damage.

J. B. Harrison.

Franklin Falls, N. H., June 21, 1893.

DR. THWING'S STATISTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Thwing's article in this month's *Forum* on "College Men First among Successful Citizens" is no doubt of great interest and value, but the author has made several errors that ought to be corrected.

On the last line of p. 495 Dr. Thwing says:

"The whole number of graduates of American colleges from the beginning until the present time does not exceed two hundred thousand. Of these, five thousand have done such work as to deserve a memorial more or less permanent. One man, therefore, in every forty men graduating has thus deserved well."

Surely Dr. Thwing is wrong in using the "whole number of graduates from the beginning until the present time" as the basis of his calculations. If a cyclopædia similar to the one under consideration were to be written fifty years hence, it would contain a large number of additional names of men who at the present time have been out of college only a few years, and who consequently have not had

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time to show their worth. I think we can fairly say that on the average the college men whose names appear in the Cyclopædia did not acquire their fame until fifteen years after graduation; hence only the classes that have been out of college fifteen years should be considered. As the Cyclopædia was published in 1889, the number of those who graduated before the year 1874 should be the basis of calculations. I have at my command only the figures for Yale and Harvard, but if we suppose that other colleges have increased at the same rate as these—and this assumption is probably not far wrong—we should find that the number of graduates is not more than one hundred and fifty-one thousand. About one man in every twenty-eight has then won enough distinction to have his name entered in the Cyclopædia.

Again, I quote from page 496:

"I will assume that at least a hundred millions of people who have lived and whose dust mingles with the common dust of this new soil, have not had a college training. Yet out of these hundred millions only ten thousand have so wrought as to deserve such recognition as is found in a cyclopædia of biography. Only ten thousand out of ten thousand times ten thousand! Therefore only one out of every ten thousand. But of the college men one in every forty has obtained such a recognition."

Dr. Thwing thus compares the college graduates, who, with only an occasional exception, are *men*, with all the other people who have ever lived in this country, including *women* and *children who died in infancy*. He ought rather to compare the number of college graduates with the number of men not college graduates who, before the year 1874, reached the age at which college men graduate. Without long and careful study no one would venture to estimate even approximately what this number should be; but we may be sure that it is nowhere near one hundred million.

In comparing Yale and Harvard, Dr. Thwing takes the whole number of graduates to the year 1890 as the basis of his calculations. He thus does Harvard an injustice, since she has grown much more rapidly than Yale in the last fifteen years. Considering only the classes before the year 1874, we have:

	Yale.	Harvard.
Whole number of graduates.....	8,400	8,618
Number of graduates whose names are in the Cyclopædia.	713	883
Per cent. of graduates whose names are in the Cyclopædia..	8.5	10.2

These figures show a marked difference between the two colleges in respect to the ability of their graduates.

On still another point I cannot but think Dr. Thwing is wrong. Although he nowhere makes the direct statement that the superiority of the college man is due to his training, still the whole trend of his article is in this direction. Now, without for an instant doubting the value of a college training, I cannot but think that in many cases a man succeeds or fails in life not because he goes to or stays away from college, but rather because he possesses or does not possess natural ability and character. It cannot be doubted that the average boy about to enter college is far superior to the average boy of the same age who does not intend to go to college. For this reason we should expect à priori that the proportion of college men who succeed would be greater than the proportion of the non-college men.

Notwithstanding these errors, I am sure all college men are under an obligation to Dr. Thwing for the very interesting figures which he has collected, and the conclusions he has drawn from these figures. L. L. H.

WESTCHESTER, PA., June 14, 1893.

THE DECISION AS TO SUNDAY OPENING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have no disposition to discuss the merits of the World's Fair Sunday-closing case. But, in the interest of candor, ought you not to supplement your paragraph on that subject, in your issue of 22d inst., by the statement that Chief-Justice Fuller and his associates decided the case solely upon the ground that the United States *had no pecuniary interest at stake*, and therefore, *irrespective of the merits of the case*, the injunction could not be maintained? The opinion expressly decides that the constitutionality of the act of Congress was not involved; it was only by so deciding that the Court of Appeals could retain jurisdiction at all, since otherwise the appeal must have gone direct to the Supreme Court. It is difficult to see how this decision upon a purely technical point can be said to "vindicate the principle of home rule and State rights," or, indeed, to settle any principle whatever, either of law or of morals. It simply amounts to saying, as a distinguished lawyer of this city used to say, "You may have a good case, but you are not a good plaintiff." C. S. H.

CHICAGO, June 24, 1893.

Notes.

WE understand that Mr. William H. Goodyear has finished an illustrated 'History of Roman and Mediæval Art,' for the Chautauqua Reading Circle, and that it is now in the press.

The Contemporary Publishing Co., Philadelphia, are about to issue 'My Arctic Journal,' by Mrs. Peary, which "will have the special interest of being the first record of Arctic experience by a woman," though a woman (Lady Franklin) has been the cause of much Arctic experience.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn 'The Shadow of the Obelisk, and Other Poems,' by the late Dr. Thomas W. Parsons.

The Century Co.'s fall announcements include the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini, a new volume of poems by Richard Watson Gilder, a new edition of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's 'English Cathedrals,' in a size convenient for use by tourists, and the following: 'Poems of Home,' by James Whitcomb Riley; 'Balcony Stories,' by Grace King; 'Thumb-nail Sketches,' by George Wharton Edwards; 'To Gipsyland,' by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell; 'An Embassy to Provence,' by Thomas A. Janvier; 'The Public School System of the United States,' by Dr. J. M. Rice; Mrs. Burton Harrison's 'Sweet Bells Out of Tune'; and Mrs. Catherwood's 'The White Islander.'

Harper & Bros. will add to their Black and White Series Laurence Hutton's tribute to Edwin Booth, with original portraits furnished by the actor's family and hitherto unengraved.

For summer reading D. Appleton & Co. have provided translations of Dr. Georg Ebers's 'Story of My Life,' Cherbuliez's 'The Tutor's Secret,' F. Coppée's 'True Riches,' and Champfleury's 'The Faïence Violin' (done into English by Wm. Henry Bishop); also, 'Lucia, Hugh, and Another,' by Mrs. J. H. Needell, and 'A Border Leander,' by Howard Seely.

The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, invites subscriptions to 'Florentine Life during the Renaissance,' by Walter B. Scaife.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'The Mark in Europe and America,' a review of the discussion on early land tenure, by Enoch A. Bryan, President of Vincennes University.

The season's unwonted activity in reprints continues. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s very presentable Trollope adds 'Phineas Finn,' in three volumes; the Harpers' uniform edition of William Black is extended by 'Shandon Bells,' 'Yolande,' 'Judith Shakespeare,' and 'Adventures in Thule'; Charlotte Brontë's 'Shirley,' in two charming volumes, carries on the Brontë sisters' library in process of issuing by J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Macmillan). Of the two series of the Waverley Novels, that of Messrs. Black (New York: Macmillan) advances with the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' while its more pretentious rival, edited by Andrew Lang and published in forty-eight volumes by Estes & Lauriat (New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.), takes two-volume strides with 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' and 'Rob Roy.' These afford a tolerably extensive array of etchings on which to base an opinion as to this feature of the "International Edition." On the whole, with few striking designs, there is a pretty even meritoriousness, and some of the landscapes are very attractive.

The Columbian Edition of Schick's 'Chicago and Its Environs' (Chicago: F. P. Kenkel) is distinguished from earlier ones chiefly by a section on the World's Fair, and by some rather capricious changes in the illustrations. There has also been an overhauling of the section on hotels, which is still left far from complete; *e. g.*, neither the Lexington nor the Beach Hotel is mentioned. Both these and a hundred others are enumerated in Rand, McNally & Co.'s 'Bird's-Eye Views and Guide to Chicago,' of which most of the illustrations are really bird's-eye views, and (experience may prove) more useful than the ordinary in grasping the physiognomy of dead-level streets. The World's Fair occupies but a few pages, since the same firm have a hand-book exclusively devoted to the great show. Condensed as this handy volume is, room has been found for some tall writing. Thus, we read of St. Gaudens's Lincoln: "The pose is simple and natural, idealized only in its massiveness and unobtrusive decoration. . . . There is a sentient strength and majesty of repose in lineament and figure, revealing to us in gaunt, uncouth, yet tender fidelity the Lincoln of the people. . . . It is Lincoln standing there, with all the ungainliness of death, without the charms that life bestowed so richly on his character."

'Picturesque Chicago and Guide to the World's Fair' (Baltimore: R. H. Woodward & Co.) has been for some time on our table, and has not improved with age. Topics and illustrations are pitchforked together, with many duplications of the latter and (on p. 68) an ascription of the awkward La Salle monument to Lafayette. We must smile, too, at the statement (p. 273) that the New York State Building "represents, with very slight modifications, the historical old Van Rensselaer residence." In describing the Exposition buildings the architects are sometimes named and sometimes not; but neglect is usually their portion in all the guides that we have seen, acreage and cost being the items supposed (and no doubt justly) to be in popular request.

There are different opinions concerning the wisdom of collecting "good things." On the one hand, it is urged that the fruits of the

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earth are gathered and placed in masses upon our tables, and, upon the other, that no pudding would be good if it were all plums. However this may be, those who wish to read continuously the witty sayings of Sydney Smith and Sheridan may do so at their convenience in 'Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. Brinsley Sheridan,' edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan). The book is clearly printed and of pocket size. The editor makes some profession of critical scholarship, and, it may be, has frequently consulted the best authorities. But he abstains from all reference to the sources of his text, and, were it of sufficient importance, we should be inclined to challenge some of his matter as spurious and some of its wording as corrupt. Probably the truth is that conversations are reported differently by different auditors, and that genuineness and authenticity are relative terms. As to the "grotesques," we should like the book better without them. They are meaningless to us, and hardly any one could allege that they are conceived in the spirit of such sound and wholesome wits as Smith and Sheridan.

'More about the Mongols' (London: Religious Tract Society) is made up of selections from the diaries and papers of the late James Gilmour. They give in the same strikingly vivid way as in his well-known work, 'Among the Mongols,' pictures of life in the tents of these nomad Asiatics. The records of the incidents of a day, of a journey across the Desert of Gobi, and of a winter spent in a lama's tent for the sake of acquiring the language are followed by descriptions of the country and the people. Among these the most interesting are an admirable account of the camel and a short notice of the Mongolian ruins. The ruins are principally of two kinds, cities and mills. The former are very numerous, and are to be found almost anywhere within eighty or a hundred miles of the present Chinese frontier. The mills consist of two parts—a circular groove of stone, about seven or eight inches deep and describing a circle of some eighty feet in circumference, and a great round stone with a hole in the centre. It is now uncertain to what use they were put. The closing chapter contains short essays, in which Mr. Gilmour uses the common incidents of life in the desert to enforce some religious truths.

The projected Siberian railway is the subject of an interesting article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for May. Work was begun on the eastern end two years ago, but little has been accomplished, and until January of this year the Government cannot be said to have seriously entered upon the undertaking. At that time a construction commission was appointed, having at its head the Minister of Finance, and about $30,000,000 was appropriated to be expended this year, together with an additional sum of $27,000,000 for the promotion of the colonization of Western Siberia, which it is intended shall go on hand in hand with the building of the road. This, with its two or three branches, will be about 4,600 miles in length and it is estimated will cost about $300,000,000. The ends to be gained are the development of the rich agricultural and mineral resources of Western Siberia, to open new markets for Russian goods, to strengthen the Russian influence in the frontier countries, and to absorb the commerce of eastern Asia. For this it will offer the advantage of a route to western Europe of about half the length of those by sea; or, in other words, instead of its being, as now, a journey of from thirty-six to fifty days from Shanghai to the European ports, a traveller and freight will be able to go by steamship to Vladivostok and thence by rail to the Atlantic seaboard in eighteen or twenty days. The writer of the article, F. Immanuel, who derives his information from official sources, believes that the greater part of the country through which the road will run is of such a character that it can never be colonized or cultivated to any great extent, and that the annual cost to the Government for interest and maintenance will be at least $16,000,000. Possibly in some decades the Western Siberian section may be made to pay its expenses. The article closes with a brief account of the Transcaspian road, with its projected extensions to Tashkend and Ferghana, the latter country being especially adapted for cotton-growing. A French company has obtained the concessions for building this road.

The Berlin Geographical Society has just awarded the Humboldt Gold Medal to Dr. John Murray "as the senior surviving member of the scientific staff of the *Challenger* in her great circumnavigation." This is only the second time which this medal has been awarded since its institution in 1878, the first recipient having been Gen. Przhvalsky, the eminent explorer of Central Asia.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for June contains an unusually interesting and suggestive paper on Malaria by H. M. Clark, M.D., a great part of which is the result of his personal observations during a nine-years' service in India. He holds it to be "the most deadly scourge of mankind," since, according to high authorities, "it is the cause of half the deaths throughout the world," and is, therefore, a formidable barrier to colonization and civilization. After stating the latest views as to the nature of the poison, he describes the various conditions favorable for its evolution, showing that it is not wholly confined to low-lying lands with rich soil, but is as prevalent and fatal on certain sandy deserts which are entirely devoid of vegetation. Once received into the system, it can never be entirely eradicated, and acclimatization is impossible. There are only two races which seem to thrive in malarial districts — the negroes of the Grain Coast of western Africa and the Tarus of northern India. Several striking instances are given to show that old customs, the results of the experience of many centuries, are not always to be lightly set aside for new methods. The Indian cities and towns, for example, seem to have been built, in defiance of all sanitary laws, with high walls surrounding them, and narrow, crooked streets in which the opposite roofs nearly touch. Yet in infected districts they have proved to be more healthy than those newer places which have been laid out according to the Western ideal, with wide streets and elaborate systems of drainage and water supply. The best preventive measures are to change swamps which cannot be drained into lakes, and to plant trees with thick crowns which both retain water and shade the ground. As the eucalyptus does neither, it is no protection against malaria. The banana or plantain is probably the best of all vegetable growths, having an immense capacity for absorbing moisture.

The opening paper of the *Geographical Journal* for June, by Prof. Bonney, is a vigorous denial of the theory that glaciers excavate. With an abundance of illustration of glacial action, drawn from personal observations in Switzerland, during which he has followed up half the valleys in the Alps, he concludes that glaciers are apparently "agents of abrasion rather than of erosion." This is followed by a report of the discussion of the paper at its presentation to the Royal Geographical Society, in which the same view is taken by Mr. D. Freshfield, Sir Henry Howorth, who has just published a work on the subject, and Mr. W. M. Conway, well known for his recent ascents of some of the highest peaks of the Himalayas. In Mr. C. R. Markham's article we are not able to see that he has anything new to say about Pytheas, the discoverer of Britain. But in addition to all that is known of this astronomer and navigator, he brings together much classical lore concerning the foundation of Marseilles, the birthplace of the explorer, the ancient ships and the first voyages in the Atlantic. According to his theory, Pytheas, about B. C. 330, was in command of a Government expedition to discover the sources both of the tin and the amber brought from the north; his ship was larger and more seaworthy than "the crazy little *Santa Maria*" of Columbus; he sailed as far north as the Orkneys, and, in a second voyage, as far east as the Elbe. A brief account, by Mr. William Astor Chanler, of his recent explorations near Mt. Kenia, in Eastern Africa, is accompanied by a map by his companion, Lieut. von Höhnel. With this number the first volume of the *Journal* ends.

In a letter to the London *Times*, one of the officers of the Antarctic whaling fleet sent out from Dundee in September last gives an interesting narrative of the expedition. Its object was to obtain a whale described by Sir James Ross as greatly resembling and by some said to be identical with the Greenland whale. They reached the fishing ground designated by him on Christmas Day, but found no black whales. There were, however, innumerable seals, some of which were "nearly twelve feet long, having a bear-like head, with formidable canine teeth." Until February 17 they were occupied in killing seals; one vessel, the *Balæna*, taking 6,000. Some of the skins were large and valuable. The seals, which were of four different species (the last captured having "a small head, small fore flippers, very thickly blubbered, and a more woolly skin"), were perfectly fearless, having never before seen man. The scientific results of the expedition, which was fitted out with meteorological instruments, tow-nets, etc., by two of the learned societies and others interested, have not been published, but it is evident that the expedition has "added considerably to our knowledge of the meteorology of the southern end of the globe, and has noted geographical and other features." The lowest temperature recorded was +21° on February 17. The icebergs seen were "nearly all flat, not pinnacled and not so lofty as those of the North, but of huge length," one met with being "no less than thirty miles long." It may be added that, considered commercially, the expedition was a success.

An appeal has just been made to the University of Oxford, signed by the Professor of Ancient History and other well-known scholars, for funds for the excavation of the ruins of Dukle in Montenegro. This place is the ancient Doclea, or Dioclea, the reputed birthplace of Diocletian, and "there are still to be seen not only the ancient walls, nearly two miles in circumference, but also a massive aqueduct, ruins of the forum basilica, of a temple and other buildings, besides fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, etc." If the sum asked for, $1,500, is raised, the necessary investigations will probably be made in the course of the present summer under the superintendence of two members of the University.

On graduation day (June 14) at the Univer-

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sity of Virginia, for the first time in its history, a certificate of attainment qualifying for graduation (in the School of Pure Mathematics) was given to a woman, Miss Caroline Preston Davis. Miss Davis, while excluded from the lectures, had taken successfully the same examinations on the same day with the male students, but "in a separate room"; and at the request of the chairman of the Faculty, the graduating class in a body handed the certificate to Miss Davis.

Some time since we noted that, in view of the abuses connected with the bestowal of honorary degrees, the University of Chicago had cut entirely loose from the practice, and proposed to grant the time-honored degrees of D.D. and LL.D. only upon the fulfilment of definitely prescribed conditions. A step in a somewhat similar direction has been taken by Western Reserve University, which proposes henceforth to grant these two degrees only for conspicuous scholarship or in recognition of noteworthy contributions to science and literature. Last year the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Henry Adams for his History of the United States, and the degree of D.D. upon Prof. A. C. McGiffert for his translation, with full critical notes, of the Church History of Eusebius. This year, also, the degree of LL D. was bestowed for a contribution to historical literature, and the recipient is James Ford Rhodes. It was also conferred upon Prof. Perrin, now of Yale, for his services in the field of classical scholarship. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Hiram Bingham (Yale, '53), who, during a missionary life of thirty years, has reduced the language of the Gilbert Islands to writing and translated the whole Bible into this language, and, finally, supervised the printing of the first edition. This is said to be a unique performance in the history of modern missions. The degree was also conferred upon Benjamin Wisner Bacon for his contributions to Biblical criticism, especially for his recent work, 'The Genesis of Genesis.' As Mr. Bacon's great-grandfather, the Rev. David Bacon, was a pioneer of the Western Reserve and a founder of one of its characteristic communities, Tallmadge, there is a certain propriety in his scholarship being recognized by an institution for whose existence his ancestor prepared the way.

The forty-second meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in August at Madison, Wis. The local secretary is Prof. C. R. Barnes of the State University.

—With its fourth issue, for July, the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* makes a grand close to its first volume. It is, perhaps, rather more of a Harvard number than its predecessors, but this only emphasizes the efficacy of the magazine as a means of sustaining an intelligent interest in Alma Mater, while it must be allowed that such papers as Prof. Davis's on "Special Students in Harvard College" and Mr. Stone's on "The Coöperative Society [at Harvard College]" have a universal bearing and value for the college world. Mr. Stone, indeed, expressly states that hardly a week passes without inquiries concerning the Society from sister institutions of high and low degree, and that it supplies many of them with special books and stationery procurable from no other source. He adds the curious fact that graduates recur to it, even from abroad, for "special kinds of goods, books, clothing, etc., that have pleased their fancy while at the University," and not a few "adopt the method of sending money to be deposited to their credit in the Society." A late innovation is the "mending department" for the repair of students' clothes. The opening paper, and it is an excellent one, by Robert S. Rantoul, accompanies a portrait of the late Dr. Peabody. The medical portion of Harvard's fine exhibit at the Chicago Exposition is takingly described by Prof. Bowditch; the most curious feature being "a new form of incubator for premature infants, the mechanism of which is in many respects decidedly novel." Mr. Starr, in discussing the sources of Harvard's population, proposes a wide extension of examinations at distant points so as to include even the rural districts through Harvard graduates teaching in the smaller towns. One of the two new projected dormitories (it is the gift of a woman) is pictured, with the remark that not one of the twelve now in use has been given by a graduate. The Loan-Furniture Association appears to be in a healthy condition. Besides buying sets to rent at the rate of $5 a year on a valuation of $50, it is naturally the recipient of Seniors' gifts of odd pieces from which sets can be made up. The Divinity School is coquetting with the question of the admission of women, but sees its way as yet only through a glass darkly. Finally, to make an end of selections, Prof. Goodale gives a most interesting account of Harvard's unique Blaschka glass-flower collection. The magazine will hereafter be published on September 1, December 1, March 1, and June 1.

—Lists of the twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred best books are often not particularly instructive or even interesting, but the one published in the *Revue Bleue* of June 3 is an exception. It shows in a striking way how French intellectual sympathies have a frontier almost identical with the frontier of the country. The *Revue*, in answer to its request for the names of the twenty-five best books, received and collated 764 lists. But among the writers credited with the largest number of votes appear eighteen Frenchmen and only six foreigners, not counting the Bible, the authorship of which is at present unsettled. The relative importance given to both French and foreign authors may most conveniently be studied in the list itself, which is as follows: Victor Hugo, 616 votes; Molière, 563; Shakspere, 476; Racine, 475; La Fontaine, 426; Musset, 426; Corneille, 400; Goethe, 393; Voltaire, 388; Pascal, 373; Lamartine, 352; Homer, 346; Old and New Testament, 331; Montaigne, 300; Cervantes, 288; Michelet, 282; Balzac, 256; Dante, 246; Renan, 246; La Bruyère, 245; Flaubert, 240; Bossuet, 239; Rabelais, 237; Daudet, 214; Virgil, 207. Of Hugo's works the 'Légende des Siècles' seems to be most in the thoughts of these list-makers; of Shakspere, "Romeo and Juliet"; of Goethe, "Faust"; of Corneille, "Le Cid"; of Renan, 'Vie de Jésus.' Besides the rather circumscribed literary interests exemplified in the list itself, the position of the Bible is significant. Cannot some General Assembly rectify this by a vote or by an anathema?

—In 1794, Talleyrand, ordered to leave England, and unable to return to France, visited the United States. His impressions of the country and Government were given in a long letter printed in France some years ago, and were interesting as the views of a shrewd observer and a keen judge of men. It has never been supposed that he took any part in the course of events in America at that time, or that his relations with Hamilton—a man quite as individual as himself—were of any but a social and friendly nature. A MS. among the Hamilton papers, however, connects Talleyrand with one of the incidents of Washington's Administration, an incident as puzzling as it was interesting—the removal of Edmund Randolph. Mr. Conway has given the layman's view of the matter, and, guided partly by sentiment, has sought to defend Randolph at the expense even of the consistency of every other person connected with the affair. It would appear that Hamilton laid the intercepted despatch of Fauchet before Talleyrand and asked his opinion. The result was a statement, or critique, in Talleyrand's own hand, but unsigned. It is thus the opinion of a trained diplomat, and there is no reason for supposing that it was biassed against Randolph. If this opinion reached Washington, it is not strange that he should have cut loose from Randolph; and certainly the Frenchman's opinion makes short work with the skilfully woven but inadequate defence of Randolph made by Mr. Conway.

—Not seeking to draw every induction possible from the intercepted despatch, Talleyrand confines himself to what is quite certain (*quelques articles dont le sens est bien complet*). Not intended for the public eye, Fauchet's despatch was merely an individual opinion, giving rise to suspicions of the disinterestedness of certain *prétendus patriotes*, as Fauchet called them. While it is difficult to point out how far the communications of a minister to the ministers of a foreign country should go, yet, in a crisis, no minister should make, without the advice of the Executive, communications such as would deserve the description, *précieuses confessions*. What these confessions were, Fauchet does not directly state; but he says they were of such a nature that they could not be made to Randolph's colleagues, who had a known bias for the Government and passions and interests with its chief. Is there a country on earth, says Talleyrand, where such confessions would not be regarded as a ministerial crime (*délit*) of the first order, above all when the crisis, according to M. Fauchet, tended unquestionably to a general explosion, long in preparation? Having made his *confessions*, Randolph had passed on to overtures, which Fauchet felt bound to make known to his Government. Were these overtures made by order of the Executive of the United States or by its permission? The idea is absurd, considering that these overtures were merely corrupt propositions. On this point Fauchet is most precise; the meaning is complete. "M. Randolph vint me voir avec un air fort empressé, et me fit les ouvertures dont je t'ai rendu compte dans mon No. 6. Ainsi, avec quelques milliers de doll. la République auroit decidé sur la guerre civile ou sur la paix." Between the overtures made and the consequence, "*thus*, with some thousands of dollars," there is no intermediate idea. The word overtures has a known meaning, the consequence follows direct from these overtures; no subtlety can disconnect the two. Then follows an examination of the words *prétendus patriotes*, and the Governor of Pennsylvania and his Secretary of State are pointed out as the leaders who were ready to take money from the French Treasury that they might make up their minds which side to take—civil war or peace. Randolph was the instrument for approaching the French Minister. His fault lay according to Talleyrand, in making at a political crisis *précieuses confessions* to the French Minister, unknown to or unauthorized by Washington; and in separating himself from the Administration to become the agent of "pa-

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triots" who were opposed to Washington's policy, who were undecided whether to throw their influence on the side of civil war or peace, and who intimated that their activity could be purchased by the Minister.

—In editing Herodotus, books v. and vi. (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan), Dr. Evelyn Abbott has had in view chiefly the needs of historical students, and has confined himself mostly to such notes and illustrations as conduce to this aim. The novelty and value of the work depend chiefly on the opinions and illustrations contained in twenty-three essays which discuss various historical and chronological *cruces*, with the acumen, research, and sobriety for which Dr. Abbott is distinguished. In some cases where no decision is reached, the editor provides the student with a sufficient apparatus, by collecting all the excerpts from original authorities that bear on the question. Instances of the questions discussed are the period of Pheidon of Argos, the relation of Greece to Egypt, and the apparently insoluble difficulties connected with Herodotus's narrative of the battle of Marathon. The latter essay is illustrated by an admirable map, which incidentally displays the philosophic suspense of Dr. Abbott's mind, by an interrogation point attached to the spot marked "Tumulus of the Athenians." The same spirit shows itself in the suggestive remark, page 301, "We are as yet quite ignorant of the ethnology of those early Mycenians; we may call them Danai or Achæans, but these names really mean nothing. . . . The princes of Mycenæ may have dwelt in Mycenæ without being Greeks; they may have been some Oriental invaders holding the same position which the Romans held in Britain, and like them leaving traces of their sojourn, though they were entirely driven out of the country. They may have been Egyptians, as Herodotus asserts, and their Kings may have been displaced by another alien (Aegean) race from Asia Minor, the Pelopids of legend." This sufficiently cautious observation shows a slight advance on the complete agnosticism of Grote as to the mythical period.

—In noticing at some length the first volume of a translation of Xenophon's works by Mr. H. G. Dakyns (Macmillan), we ventured to say that the translator's style is more vivacious, more colored with idiom than that of Xenophon himself. In method, Mr. Dakyns is a disciple of the Master of Balliol, to whom the work is dedicated. One cannot help admiring the dexterity and vigor that are displayed in the subjoined characteristic paragraph from the "Agesilaus" (p. 271):

"The epithets applied to him are significant. His relatives found in him a kinsman who was more than kind. To his intimates he appeared as the friend in need who is a friend indeed. To the man who had done him some service, of tenacious memory. To the victim of injustice, a knight-errant. And to those who had incurred danger by his side, a saviour second only to the gods."

The first period is here an inference only from the text; the rest is certainly extremely clever, though the brush is dipped in modern colors. While availing himself of the English tendency to metaphor, Mr. Dakyns, at rare intervals, gives us a phrase that wears a gaudy or second-hand look compared with the simple directness of the Greek. But it would be hypercritical to dwell on these few slips in a work that is distinguished by spirit, fidelity, painstaking scholarship, and a personal enthusiasm which passes beyond the ordinary loyalty of the translator, and has left nothing undone, in the way of introduction and footnotes, to put the reader in possession of facts or theories that bear on the history of its hero. The maps are as praiseworthy and as timely as those which accompany Dr. Abbott's 'Herodotus.' The second volume comprises the "Hellenica," books iii.–vii., the "Agesilaus," the "Polity of the Athenians," the "Polity of the Lacedæmonians," and the treatise on "Ways and Means."

RECENT NOVELS.

A Little Minx. By Ada Cambridge. D. Appleton & Co.

Pratt Portraits.—A Literary Courtship. By Anna Fuller. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Cathedral Courtship; and Penelope's English Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Last Sentence. By Maxwell Grey. Tait, Sons & Co.

Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Story of John Trevennick. By Walter C. Rhoades. Macmillan & Co.

Day and Night Stories. (Second Series.) By T. R. Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Social Strugglers. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dictator. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Harper & Brothers.

A Woman Who Failed, and Others. By Bessie Chandler. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Without Dogma. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Iza Young. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD speaks of the impotence of every feminine virtue when weighed against the charms of "the minx with a way with her." It must be this minx with her way who is described in Ada Cambridge's little book. The scene of action, as in previous stories by this writer, is Australia, where, however, they import their minxes from England. There is a heavy duty laid upon the article—namely, the heart and allegiance of every Australian man who comes into its presence. In a little country parish it will easily be seen that the minx has a fine field. She is the wife of the curate, therefore the other men cannot at first propose marriage; but they drive her home from parochial picnics, give balls in her honor, and put down her carpets. It may be imagined what their wives and daughers say, feel, and do, and the stormy rage of one particular wife lifts her into prominence in the story; not a new character by any means, but done with a good deal of consistency and definition. It does seem a little hard upon the other women, and—shall we add?—a questionable bit of art, to give the heroine three husbands. Two has hitherto been the allotted limit, but Nancy is one of those who will continue to marry as often as death her does part. That she does not accomplish the third marriage is not her fault, but is due to what is called in insurance papers the acts of God. It is certainly a virulent type of minx, this—beautiful, winning, and exquisitely dressed, utterly irresistible to men, utterly incapable, because undesirous, of friendly relations with women, except in emergencies and with her maid; so much so that the author's air of admiring her and of defending her against feminine prejudice makes one ask if Ada Cambridge may possibly be the *nom de plume* of a man.

It seems hardly credible that any new vein could be opened in the well-explored mines of New England life and character, yet this is what Miss Fuller has done in her 'Pratt Portraits.' They are of New England, yes; but the fact that they are from a suburban point of view gives them, as it gave their originals, tinges and traits quite distinct from those of the dwellers upon Cape Cod, upon the seacoast, in the rocky pastures of the interior, or the witch-ridden regions of Salem, all of whom we meet daily in little books from Boston. The Pratt family lived in a suburb, and thus were within the pale of cosmopolitanism; it was a New England suburb, therefore they had strongly marked Puritan traits; they married and had large families who married and lived within hail of one another, developing in widely differing ways, yet always showing the Pratt stock to be vigorously present. The new traits engrafted, whether grace, æsthetic sensitiveness, or family pride, led to an endless variety of character, the young shoots, however, all catching something of Grandpa or Grandma Pratt. The sketches are thus linked together from the literary and from the physiological point of view, and since this is done, not obtrusively, but as if merely in the way of writing, the effect is artistic, while the undersuggestion is scientific. The stories are interesting simply as stories, moreover, and the writer of them may be congratulated on having done a new thing with the serene strength of one studying less to present the new than the true.

'A Literary Courtship,' by the same hand, is piquant reading; unhackneyed yet unstrained. The glimpses of Colorado and Pike's Peak over the shoulder of the courtship are full of charm, and a gracefulness adorns each of the leading persons which makes the group a pleasing one with which to read, to talk, or to ride over the plains. An innocent mystification is delicately kept up to the end.

Mrs. Wiggin's stories of American women's experiences in England are very amusing. Along with all the things we have found funny in the English since first the steamers began to ply between America and Liverpool, she has, with keen American scent for the different, brought to her pages many new examples of the same cause for mirth. Jokes may be so violently up to date that there is a gloss upon them as of a little boy's hair plastered down with soap for Sundays. Mrs. Wiggin's pleasantries are sometimes of this order. Among many delightfully bright observations there runs a cheaper variety which dashes the reader's enjoyment and deters him from pronouncing the whole entirely attractive. Without these drawbacks (and they are removable, being, as the surgeons say, non-malignant), the sketches would be throughout, as they are now in great part, favorable specimens of American humor.

Maxwell Grey's new novel affords fresh proof of the author's skill in making an interesting story. A concealed marriage, a disowned child, a terrible retribution—these words carry a sound of properties well outworn. Yet again and again the reader finds himself on a pinnacle of suspense, and led into situations both stirring and novel. The characters are well defined, and the country-folk, as usual with this author, are beyond price. It is curious that the sense of humor which these peasant sketches reveal should not act as deterrent to the iniquitous practice of itemizing a flora and fauna for every act of every

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life in these long novels of Maxwell Grey. The jaded reader longs for a Joshua to stay the shining of the sun, for an Orpheus to still the birds, for a vivisectionist, even, to suppress the butterflies and cows. The fact that it is all well done is not an offset to its dispiriting quantity. The book is dedicated, in a few feeling words, to Wolcott Balestier, to whose memory, no doubt, the tender little prefatory poem is also inscribed.

In Mrs. Deland's 'Story of a Child' we learned that Mr. Tommy Dove had come back again, and now in her new collection of stories we learn why he went away, and we find it pleasant reading in fresh fields if not pastures new. "A Fourth-Class Appointment" in the same volume takes us very beguilingly along the gently flowing stream of village literature, and even gives us some new trophies from those much angled-in waters. "Elizabeth" is a minute and carefully studied portrait of the spinster heart (an organ which is certainly having its day); and whatever one may say of its main motive (the self-denying effort of a woman to keep a man faithful to his wife's memory), it is sown with clever sentences. Of the two remaining stories there is little to be said in tribute. "At Whose Door" is an ineffectual piece of writing, and "The Face on the Wall" is peculiarly repulsive.

While John Trevennick was pursuing the calling of a smuggler with a yacht and a crew and a cave at his command, his story was rather an interesting one. Naturally, as the repentant and industrious apprentice, half-starved in London, he is less striking. The wealthy naturalist whose house and specimens he saves from burning; the little Irish vagrant of catholic tastes, a fighter and an embryo artist, whose talent John discovers and who later becomes John's guardian angel; the stern father rescued from financial destruction by his lately disowned son; the villain in good clothes who nearly carries off the girl prize—these so-called characters belong to a family of great age and persistent type. We knew them long ago in the early American novel and the Mudie pets of England. Like kind words, they can never die, and there must be some one who wants to read about them. 'John Trevennick' is a very fair example of its class. In spots, even, there flows a fresh breeze over the exhausted soil. The book is delightfully printed.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. Sullivan's stories is their literary gentlemanliness; they are perfectly written, they are truly, strongly, and simply thought. Their slenderness is nevertheless defined; their strength is carried with the lightness born of training. "In truth, great sorrows are always simple," it is said in one of his stories, and this is the key-note to the literary attitude of a writer under whose refined treatment the ordinary is not commonplace, the extraordinary not forced. If Mr. Knightley had written stories, they would have been like Mr. Sullivan's.

Mr. Boyesen, to our thinking, has never made so little unsuccessful a venture upon American soil as in his 'Social Strugglers.' His story, nominally of a Western family struggling for social recognition, if not entirely cohesive, is more readable than his former ones; his characters are not all burlesque, and there is a nearer approach to naturalness at moments. So much as to the amelioration of some of the author's weakest points; as to his strong ones a more hospitable word may be said. His descriptions are, as ever, effective, his language unusually varied, and the photographs of the Long Island watering-place, of the scudding sailboat, and the drag-hunt on the moors, as well as those of the avenues and slums of New York, are strikingly explicit. His horses and dogs are loveworthy, and the poetic end of his pencil makes very pretty work of his gleams of landscape. It is his humor, his "galumphing" humor, which strikes a chill to the heart and sends one, as to a genial refuge, to his cynicism. A thinly disguised Southampton is the scene of the story, and Mr. Boyesen has had the graceful fancy to change Shinnecock into Cockroach.

The subject of Mr. McCarthy's new novel is rather out of the common, being the story of a man, English by descent, who, returning, after a love disappointment in early life, to the South American State in which he was born—Gloria by name—grows profoundly interested in saving it from its enemies at home and abroad, and becomes at last its worthy and adored dictator. A revolution dethrones him and drives him, an exile, to London, where, surrounded by a few faithful adherents and winning many more, he awaits, amid many dangers and dinners, the moment of triumphant return to Gloria, which takes place on the last page. Mr. McCarthy's intelligent writing and manly grasp of many subjects are no surprise. The easy familiarity with English men and English politics gives a certain swing of assurance to his most improbable scenes. The book seems, however, to have been painfully affected by the English three-volume habit, for it is profusely padded with repetition of phrase and with irrelevant incident. There are minor contradictions, too, such as we meet in Thackeray, but which do not necessarily make a Thackeray; for example, calling Captain Sarrasin's eyes "dark brown" on page 122, "mild blue" on page 127, and "gray" on page 161. As the book deals with South American affairs, and there is an American duchess among the characters, there is no lack of the chance which the Briton madly loves of bringing in Americanisms. Thus, Buffalo Bill and Red Shirt, a Sioux chief, pause in their wild flight at the Wild West Show in London to claim acquaintance with the gallant Captain of the tri-colored eyes, and Col. Cody remarks: "Why, Captain, you don't come out our way in the West as often as you used to do." Then the duchess says that the dictator "as an all-around man is first-class"; however, as if to show how easy Anglicizes the head that wears a coronet, she speaks of her native land as "the States." Much must be forgiven to the English novelist who recognizes that there is a difference between North and South America, yet it seems wonderful, even in a novel, that a Spanish American assassin should assume as disguise the name of "a professor from Denver and Sacramento." About the dictator himself, John Ericson, hangs a rosy cloud of incense burned by such other characters in the book as are not occupied with crime. They include politicians, diplomats, and scientists, ardent young secretaries, soldiers, and women. The conquering heroine is an unconventional young person, with a dog and a father.

Each of Bessie Chandler's stories contains a real idea, a real incident, or a real situation. That the slighter sort of magazine story should have any contents is meritorious, even if the contents be not of the most solid description. These are humorously written with a light, direct touch that makes them agreeable reading of their kind.

Henryk Sienkiewicz is unquestionably a genius and one of the novelists of the world. His 'Fire and Sword' and 'Deluge' showed his power as a writer of historical romance in the largest sense of the term. The reading public fell upon these works when they were first translated into English by Jeremiah Curtin a few years ago, and hailed their author as a new Dumas. To-day, it appears, he is also a Turgeneff, a Tolstoi, a Balzac, and something besides, different from any one of these—a something which we can only call a Sienkiewicz, a name henceforth to be its own and only description. He pictured battles in his other books; here, with equal power, he takes us into the very thick of the fight in the soul of a man. His historic books were defaced by an overplus of horrors, and his chronicle of a soul gives us the very seamiest side of life's experiences. Both plainly were written for a public not Anglo-Saxon, and both indubitably need that excuse. Moreover, for many readers the excuse will not avail to justify the book. For them it was not written. 'Without Dogma' is the diary of a pessimist—a sceptic, an analyst, and, of course, an egoist; a man to whom the words "I do not know" constitute the tragedy of the human mind; a sceptic even of his own scepticism. These phrases bring *Hamlet* to mind, and Leon Ploszowski has much in his composition of the royal Dane, even as Sienkiewicz himself is penetrated with Shakspere's influence. "Nowhere," says Leon, "is ability so much wasted as on Slav soil"; he is himself a victim to "l'improductivité Slave"—a "genius without portfolio," "with a tendency to philosophize away his ability and his life," "floating in mid-air because not supported by any dogma either social or religious." The Slav tendency towards mysticism, however, tinges his philosophy. He observes, for example, the regulations of the Church, saying that this would be hypocritical if instead of the "I do not know," he could say "I know there is nothing." "Our scepticism," he adds, "is not an open negation; it is rather a sorrowful, anxious suspicion that perhaps there is nothing." The fatal habit of pausing to philosophize keeps him back from happiness at the moment when he has adopted a creed, the love of Aniela, "that little dogma of mine with long eyelashes"; too late, after she has married another man, he finds how irresistible the power of such a dogma may be. From this time on, his creed and his life are terribly definite. His one idea is to win the woman back. Only the sight of her suffering checks him from time to time, and only her spiritual simplicity saves them for the more dignified tragedy of death. The awful candor of Leon's self-analysis takes the breath away, like all true pictures of mortal weakness. Only now and then has literature afforded such a smiting appeal to human consciousness as in this remarkable book.

The United States, with an Excursion into Mexico: Handbook for Travellers. Edited by Karl Baedeker, Leipzig. New York: Scribners. 1893. 12mo, pp. 99+516, maps and plans 39.

Appletons' General Guide to the United States and Canada. 1893. Appletons. 12mo, pp. 616, plates 28, maps and plans 31.

THE above books are general guides, and are addressed rather to the foreign visitor than to the native. The appearance of an American "Baedeker" marks an epoch in our history as supplying evidence that European tourists have become numerically of importance in this country. Baedeker's 'United States' maintains the high reputation which his European guide-books have established. Although cover-

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ing an area many times larger than any other of this series, it is wonderfully accurate and detailed. The writer, Mr. James F. Muirhead, has evidently not allowed himself to be swamped by a mass of matters of little moment for the traveller, but has carefully selected points of interest and has treated them with all the fulness of detail that could be desired. The few pages added about Mexico, however, seem perfunctorily done, and reveal inaccuracies.

Both this work and 'Appleton' are most excellent general guides. It is astonishing to note the extent and accuracy of the information collected and presented between their covers. This is particularly the case with 'Baedeker,' which, while apparently covering the ground as broadly as 'Appleton,' contains vastly more detail regarding localities. It opens with a series of short chapters upon subjects of special interest to foreign visitors, such as money, custom-house, railways, hotels, restaurants, physiography, history, constitution and government, fine arts, sports, etc., in which a vast amount of information is condensed into comparatively little space. The first part of this matter is evidently written by an Englishman, and is especially addressed to his countrymen. Everywhere between the lines one can clearly see that the writer appreciates and is trying to correct the weaknesses and prejudices of his countrymen. Thus he says under the head of "General Hints":

"The first requisite for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States is an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate one's self to the customs of the country. If the traveller exercises a little patience, he will find that ways which strike him as unreasonable, or even disagreeable, are more suitable to the environment than those of his own home would be. He should at the outset reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but if ready himself to be courteous and on a footing of equality, he will seldom meet any real impoliteness."

This is excellent advice from an Englishman to Englishmen. Elsewhere he further exhorts the visitor "to disabuse himself of the idea that laxity in the observance of social forms will be less objectionable in one country than the other, . . . but good manners will nowhere be at a discount." The latter item of information is very suggestive of the progress made by the American people in civilization, and is of infinite value to the average English tourist. Another item of information is "that travelling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of Europe, and the carrying of arms, which indeed is forbidden in many States, is as unnecessary here as there."

It may be said in general, concerning these two books, that 'Appleton' is more generalized, and therefore is in some respects preferable as a companion upon continuous journeys, while 'Baedeker' gives fuller information regarding localities, and is, therefore, preferable for use at stopping-places. Thus, in 'Appletons' Guide,' the Adirondack region is described and the routes through it outlined briefly in three pages, while 'Baedeker' devotes to it fourteen pages, mainly of fine type, which not only give a general description of the region, but take up the various resorts scattered through it in detail, describing them and outlining the excursions to be made from each. Similarly with Yellowstone Park, to which 'Appleton' devotes less than five pages, as contrasted with ten pages in 'Baedeker,' the difference in space being caused by the greater amount of details in the latter work. A noteworthy feature of 'Appleton' is an appendix concerning the World's Fair, which will doubtless receive a welcome.

In making general guide-books, one great difficulty to be overcome is in the selection of subjects to be treated, and in this matter both books seem to have succeeded admirably in selecting the important things and discarding the minor ones. In comparing the tables of contents of the two works, there seems to be no special difference in the subjects treated, the advantage, if anywhere, in the direction of greater fulness of mention being on the side of 'Baedeker.' As a rule, the maps and plans in both books are excellent, being compiled from the latest and best available sources. The plans of cities in 'Baedeker' would be clearer if the names of streets were printed more compactly and were repeated less frequently. In this book the maps of Mt. Desert, the Yosemite, and Yellowstone Park are specially to be commended. In 'Appleton' we note that the old map of the Yellowstone Park made by the Hayden Survey in 1871 has been reproduced verbatim, with all its errors, although vastly better maps have been prepared since that time. The map of the White Mountains in this book is also very inferior, and that of the Adirondacks is by no means up to the state of our present knowledge.

In Europe the guide-book is a recognized necessity for the traveller. In this country it is too often assumed by the American traveller that he knows all about his continent and needs no aid; but a perusal of either of these books will be sufficient to demonstrate to even the most experienced traveller that there are many things to be learned from it about his own country, and that its use will add greatly to his pleasure in travelling, simply by suggesting countless objects of interest which would otherwise be overlooked.

Appletons' Guide-book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. D. Appleton & Co. 1893, viii, 156 pp. 8vo, maps and illustrations.

A SATISFACTORY guide-book for the tourist in southeastern Alaska has long been a desideratum. Numerous books exist, most of which represent a very imperfect knowledge of the region even from the tourist point of view, while their illustrations in most cases have been chiefly process-reproductions of the hackneyed photographs which are sold along the route, or the startling woodcuts which adorn the broadsides issued by passenger agents. The best of the previous books was that written by Miss Scidmore herself, now out of print, and both publishers and public are to be congratulated that she has found strength and opportunity to prepare the present very satisfactory volume.

The book contains a preliminary chapter on the Puget Sound country and a brief supplementary account of western Alaska, but is mainly devoted to the region between the Queen Charlotte Islands and Mt. St. Elias. It is prepared in the usual guide-book form, but it would be less than justice not to point out that the text contains much more than the information usually furnished even by the best class of guide-books. Miss Scidmore has written out of the fulness of much personal experience joined to painstaking research, and has spared no labor to bring her facts into harmony with the latest and most authentic observations. Her account is written in a clear and sprightly style which actually makes this guide-book very agreeable reading, and we note with appreciation the model self-restraint which she has observed in the matter of adjectives.

So far as matters of fact are concerned, such errors as we have observed are very few and of trifling importance. The criticisms which seem called for are addressed to the publishers rather than the author. The maps are well executed, but the general map of Alaska was evidently not prepared for this book, as it is not up to date in all respects, geographically, but preserves an antiquated and inaccurate nomenclature, not agreeing with that of the text, and contains many errors of spelling which ordinary care would have avoided. In a future edition, which will no doubt soon be called for, this map should be replaced by one in harmony with the text and carefully revised as to its data. We think, also, that an index would greatly add to the usefulness and convenience of the work, which otherwise is exceptionally complete and creditable to those concerned in its preparation.

Practical Lawn Tennis. By James Dwight. Harper & Bros. 1893.

IT is to-day an open question whether the game of lawn tennis is holding its own in this country or is losing ground. In England it is undoubtedly suffering from the competition of golf, and there is a marked falling off in the number of its devotees; but the great Scotch game has as yet made little progress here, and the decreased interest, if decrease there be, must be due to some other cause. It is certainly not due to any decline in the standard of play, for the game is constantly improving, and indeed the present volume is a result of the considerable improvements that have been made in the last few years.

In his preface Dr. Dwight gives some extracts from a book on the game published in 1873, when there were few players in England and none at all here. He also gives an illustration of the tennis court of that remote period, and, after an examination of these, the reader will appreciate the remarkable changes that have taken place in twenty years. The shape of the courts, the height of the net, the rackets, the balls, the manner of scoring, and most of the rules of the game are entirely different; and more striking still is the evolution of the scientific part of the game and the gradual approach to perfect play. A champion player of to-day makes use of strokes that were never dreamed of by Messrs. Gore and Hadow and the other leading players of the period before Mr. Renshaw introduced the modern game in 1881, and the veriest tyro can appreciate the "match-playing value" of these strokes. By the aid of instantaneous photography, Dr. Dwight shows exactly how the best-known exponents of the game make such strokes, giving in most cases views of the beginning, the middle, and the end of the stroke. Any one who has been in the habit of attending tennis tournaments will at once recognize the individual peculiarities reproduced in these pictures, and it is safe to say that nothing has yet been published that will prove so useful to the beginner. Of course, no game can be acquired from the book alone, nor is it possible for the great mass of players to arrive at championship form by this or any other process, but players of every quality will learn something from these life-like pictures.

In regard to the difficult problem of the players' position on the court, Dr. Dwight recommends volleying from a point about midway between the net and the service line, and taking ground strokes from about the base line;

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the player never, if possible, to be caught between the service line and the base line. He holds that the severity of all strokes is mainly a question of accurate *timing*, and he would avoid the seductive half volley, which the rarity of true grass courts renders extra-hazardous. His method of volleying a lob is so good that it may be quoted: "Let the head of the racket swing well back of the head—in fact, almost down the back—step forward with the left foot, and bring the racket down on top of the ball."

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson, C.M.Z.S. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 256. Illustrated.

An artist busied at the easel, deepening a shadow in one place, sharpening an outline in another, or adding a bit of color elsewhere, and talking on various matters distantly or but suggestively connected with his painting, produces an impression in some respects similar to that derived from this book. We are entertained by a series of monologues, and intensely interested in the growth of the picture, while the digressive asides serve to bring the details into prominence from different points of view. A desire to follow the birds that year by year pass to and from the southward across the Argentine pampas, and the hope of discovering others unknown beyond the horizons of their nesting-places, led Mr. Hudson to spend a year on the Rio Negro, Patagonia. Shipwrecked on the coast thirty miles or more from his destination, he waded ashore, and, leaving the vessel to its fate—whatever that may have been—began his studies on the plants, birds, and other phenomena of the thirsty and comfortless sand-dunes and roughened plains that stretched away between the ship and human aid. Up and down a five or six-mile valley, along the stream for nearly forty leagues, with short excursions into the scrubby vegetation of the gray plains on its borders—this covered but a small portion of the little-known region; the view is so comprehensive and so skilfully built up, however, that this fact is hardly noticed. Carelessness with a revolver lodged a bullet in Mr. Hudson's knee, interfered with his plans for many weeks, and gave his work something of the character of reveries of an idler—whence its title. There is less of direct observation in it than in its predecessor, on the Pampas, for which reason it may not have as much permanent value, though it is quite as entertaining.

The monotonous southland is not without attraction. Comparatively it is not rich in species, but the vigorous portrayal of the struggles of a husbandman indicates a wonderful abundance in individuals among nature's children. The centre of interest is in the birds; but the inhabitants (whites and aborigines), zoology in general, botany, agriculture, soil, and climate are not at all neglected. Naturally many things were found that were common in districts nearer the equator. The chapter on bird music dwells with delight on the Calandria mocking bird, the organ bird, and other songsters of the northward; the music of European birds is likened to that of a band limited in diversity and range, sweet but tame, and that of the South American forests to an orchestra of a countless number of varied instruments, producing many startling bursts of sound, many noises and discords, but also many passages infinitely sweet and precious. Describing the music exhausts the supply of adjectives, yet the author cannot bring himself to use the old method of imitating the songs in words, because, as he says, one who has never heard the song would get nothing like a correct idea of it. After all it seems as if the old fashion had an advantage over our author's most enthusiastic description, in that it better recalls the sounds to one who has heard them. The great resource of the unlettered races for identification, shown in their names of the creatures, is mimicry of the sounds in the song or cry; recording the imitations in words by spelling out is a very inadequate device, it is true, but it is one to retain until we have a better one.

In treating of eyes and sight in savages, it is no doubt correct to say that the eyes of Indians are no better than those of whites, quickness in the wilds being due to the special training; and that aptitude in tracing game is no assurance of ability in such work as reading proof. In our experience all grades of sight occur in red as in white men, bringing about very unequal degrees of success in the chase, and making "he is a good hunter" one of the highest compliments for their lovers that fall from the lips of the dusky maidens in prevision of plenty in the lodge. "The high-soaring eagle requires to see very far, but the low-flying owl is near-sighted. And so on through the whole animal world: each kind has sight sufficient to find its food and escape from its enemies, and nothing beyond." In a measure this is true; conversely, however, an eagle which does not see so far does not soar so high, but lives more like the hawks, and, transmitting the short-sightedness, becomes the progenitor of a race of low-fliers that owe survival to fittest choice of surroundings and habits—each using his sight in the best way to find his food and preserve his life, reckless whether his status is that of eagle or hawk or owl.

As he climbed the bank from the wreck, Mr. Hudson was met by the perfume of the evening primrose, which furnished him a topic for his last chapter—a discourse on perfumes, their effects and associations, and on the sense of smell, its intellectual and emotional bearings, and its rank in comparison with the other senses. In general the glimpses of nature are not such as are taken by idlers; they are rather those of a good observer passing along at a moderate rate—not exhaustive, but frequently exciting regret that he did not linger. The book is delightful.

Henry Martyn. By George Smith. With portrait and illustrations. F. H. Revell Co. 8vo, pp. xii, 580.

Henry Martyn's biography might very well be called the story of a short life. Born in 1781, he became a chaplain of the East India Company in 1805, and died in 1812. Notwithstanding this brief career, he was one of the great spiritual forces of his age, a man to whose influence modern Protestant missions are largely due. It was a posthumous influence, however, growing out of what he was rather than out of what he did. His work was mostly that of a scholar, the translating the New Testament into Hindustani, Arabic, and Persian, and the writing of three tracts in the last-named language on the Christian evidences; for his duties as chaplain, and, it may be added, the sentiment of the times, did not permit much direct missionary work among the natives. But seven years after his death his memoir appeared, consisting mainly of extracts from his diary and letters, in which a remarkable piety was revealed. This was very widely read both in England and in this country, and speedily took rank with Augustine's 'Confessions' and David Brainerd's 'Journal' as a spiritual classic.

The present volume differs from the original work principally in that it gives a large space to passages from Martyn's diary and correspondence relating to his affection for an English lady, which his first biographer (wisely, we think) had omitted. The extracts from the diary also might have been much abbreviated to the great advantage of the work, many being merely Scriptural quotations and repetitions, and others, as "Found my mouth salivated this morning from calomel," for instance, trivial. The same is true of the long quotations from Lydia Grenfell's diary, which have but little interest, while one entry about her family can have been suffered to appear only through inexcusable carelessness. Dr. Smith's work, in a word, seems to us too much a piece of mere book-making, which we regret the more as the story of Martyn's life told in reasonable compass might have proved an inspiration to many a young reader who will not open this formidable volume.

Though what Martyn himself wrote was chiefly of a devotional character, he gives many graphic pictures of life in India and Persia in his day. Especially interesting is the account of his long sojourn at Shiraz and his friendly intercourse with the learned Mohammedans of that region. The difference between his day and ours is well illustrated by the fact that the voyage to India took nearly a year, and that Martyn "was the only chaplain in a force of 8,000 soldiers, some with families, and many female convicts."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baildon, H. B. The Merry Month, and Other Prose Pieces. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Bedollière, Emil de la. La Mère Michel et son chat. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Bernstein, Edward. Ferdinand Lassalle as a Social Reformer. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Bishop, C. F. History of Elections in the American Colonies. Columbia College.
Bissonnette, Wesley. Bits of Blue. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Black, W. Judith Shakespeare. Harpers. 80 cents.
Bourget, Paul. Cosmopolis. Amblard & Meyer Frères.
Brontë, Charlotte. Shirley. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Brooks, H. S. A Catastrophe in Bohemia, and Other Stories. C. L. Webster & Co. $1.
Carpenter, Edith. Lorenzo de' Medici: An Historical Portrait. Putnams. $1.
Charles, R. H. The Book of Enoch. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Cheyne, Prof. T. K. Founders of Old Testament Criticism. London: Methuen & Co.
Chicago and its Environs: A Complete Guide to the City and the World's Fair. Chicago: F. P. Kenkel.
Dixon, Rev. A. C. Milk and Meat. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Ebers, Georg. The Story of My Life. Appletons. $1.25.
Favorite Selections for Recitation. Edgar S. Werner. $1.
Freytag, Gustav. Debit and Credit. Harpers. 60 cents.
Gallaudet, Susy D. Charley: A Village Story. Putnams. 75 cents.
Gems of Colorado Scenery. Denver: Frank S. Thayer. $3.50.
Genin, M. Le Petit Tailleur Bouton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Gordy, W. F., and Twitchell, W. I. A Pathfinder in American History. Part I. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.20.
Gosse, Edmund. Questions at Issue. Appletons. $2.50.
Gower, Lord Ronald. Joan of Arc. Illustrated. London: J. C. Nimmo; New York: Scribners. $7.50.
Graetz, Prof. H. History of the Jews. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Green, J. R. A Short History of the English People. Illustrated Edition. Vol. II. Harpers. $5.
Greene, F. V. General Greene. [Great Commanders.] Appletons.
Grey, Maxwell. The Last Sentence. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.50.
Gulrey, Rev. George. The Hallowed Day. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Hahl, Albert. Zur Geschichte der Volkswirthschaftlichen Ideen in England. Jena: Gustav Fischer.
Hamerling, Robert. Aspasia: A Romance of Art and Love in Ancient Hellas. G. G. Peck.
Hapgood, Olive C. School Needlework. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Harrison, J. L. Cap and Gown: Some College Verse. Boston: Joseph Knight Co.
Hart, Dr. Ernest. Hypnotism, Mesmerism and the New Witchcraft. Appletons $1.25.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. IV. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Hassan, Vita. Die Wahrheit über Emin Pasha. Erster Teil. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.
Hatton, Joseph. Under the Great Seal. Cassell. $1.
Hawthorne, Julian. Confessions of a Convict. Philadelphia: R. C. Hartranft.
Heilprin, Prof. Angelo. The Arctic Problem and Narrative of the Peary Relief Expedition. Philadelphia: Contemporary Publishing Co.

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Heimburg, W. A Fatal Misunderstanding, and Other Stories. Worthington Co.
Heinemann, A. H. Froebel Letters. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Heurck, Prof. H. Van. The Microscope: Its Construction and Management. London: Crosby Lockwood & Sons; New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.
Hinshelwood, A. Ernest. Through Starlight to Dawn. London: Gay & Bird.
Hocking, Joseph. The Story of Andrew Fairfax. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.
Hodgkins, Louise M. Milton Lyrics. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 35 cents.
Holland, J. G. Arthur Bonnicastle. New ed. Scribners. 50 cents.
Irving, Washington. The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. Condensed ed. Putnams. $1.75.
Keltie, J. Scott. The Partition of Africa. With Twenty-one Maps. London: Edward Stanford.
Kirkland, Prof. J. H. Horace's Satires and Epistles. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $1.20.
Lavisse, Prof. Ernest, and Rambaud, Prof. Alfred. Histoire Générale du IVe Siècle à nos Jours. Tome premier. Les Origines. 395-1095. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Rowe, Leo S. Die Gemeindefinanzen von Berlin und Paris. Jena: Gustav Fischer.
Rushforth, G. McN. Latin Historical Inscriptions Illustrating the History of the Early Empire. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Schouler, James. Thomas Jefferson. [Makers of America.] Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Scott, Prof. W. A. The Repudiation of State Debts. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Scott, Sir Walter. Guy Mannering. 2 vols. The Antiquary. 2 vols. Rob Roy. 2 vols. [International Limited Edition.] Boston: Estes & Lauriat; New York: Bryan Taylor & Co.
Sunderland, J. T. The Bible: Its Origin, Growth and Character. Putnams. $1.50.
Van de Wiele, Marguerite. Les Frères Van Ostade. [Les Artistes Célèbres.] Paris: *L'Art*; New York: Macmillan.
Wiechmann, F. G. Lecture Notes on Theoretical Chemistry. John Wiley & Sons. $2.50.

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